

The Crittenden Press.

VOLUME 24.

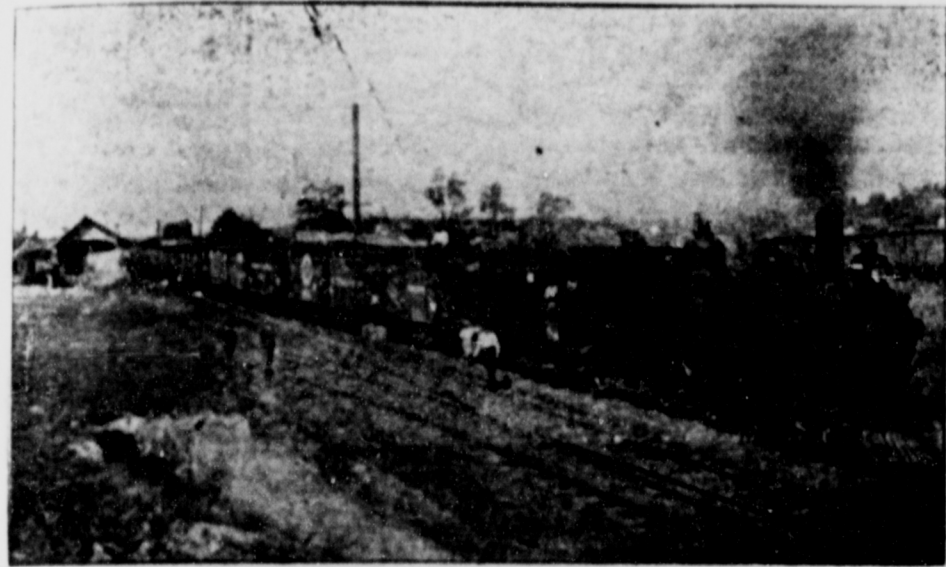
MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, AUGUST 28, 1902.

NUMBER 12.

GREATLY INCREASED PRODUCTION OF ORE.

Fluor Spar Shipments Breaking all Previous Records—Zinc and Lead Ores Tonnage Following Suit.

A MARKED ADVANCE THROUGHOUT THE FIELD.



THE SPECIAL CARBONATE OF ZINC TRAIN.

The special train consisting of ten cars loaded with zinc ore from the "Old Jim" zinc mines, sent to the oxide zinc works at Joplin, was the largest single shipment of zinc ever made by any mine except one made last February by the "John Jackson" mine, near Joplin, which produced and shipped in one week 588,000 pounds of ore. The "Old Jim" special carried

509,305 pounds of zinc ore.

The Old Jim mine has been in operation since June 1st, 1901 and up to date has shipped 147 car loads, or 8,30,800 pounds of zinc ore. This, for the same period, is far in excess of the "John Jackson" output, or that of any other mine in the Joplin district, or any other mine in the world of the same class of ore.

The Market at Mineral Point.

Lead ore per 1,000 lbs.	\$20	\$22.50
Dry bone (Calamine) per ton	4	15.00
Blackjack (Blende) per ton	10	30.00
Sulphur per ton	3	5.00

The Kentucky Fluor Spar company's shipments are beginning to tell a little on even their large reserves. Two hundred tons daily of fluor spar going out of Marion, Crayneville and Mexico every 24 hours means a whole lot of hustling to keep up the supply. There is some talk of procuring an "auto" for Harry Watkins to make his daily visits with. The fluor spar mines are so widely separated that we believe the company "ought to" do so and save horse

Bain Wilson and Dick Mayes have several hundred tons of fluor spar out on the hill near the Crittenden springs hotel. The fluor spar in this vicinity seems to be in pockets and looks very much as though it had fallen off from some large body of the same material, much as the so-called horses of limestone are caused by breaking off from the walls of the vein. Still this large body of fluor spar has not been placed as yet, although work to that end is being carried on constantly.

The Crittenden springs hotel will likely remain open during the month of September, as so many mining men are anxious to make it their headquarters; indeed it may be necessary to keep it open the year around should the present influx of visitors continue. A band of music of 4 peaches has been engaged by the management for the balance of the season; the people of Dawson were so anxious to hear the celebrated Crittenden springs hotel music, as interpreted by the Glascock combination, that the guests of the hotel who had been to Dawson Springs urged it so strongly on Prof. Glascock that he decided to accommodate the Dawsonites and we understand he is now playing his two-step there.

zinc trains scheduled as regular affairs, one in the morning and one in the evening. We certainly have the ore to do it.

The Columbia Mining company have placed a large boiler near the old 180 foot shaft, which will supply the power for the new 10-inch Cornish pump and hoist. The shaft house and derrick, as well as the boiler house is being erected and will be in readiness by the time the engine and pump reaches Marion.

Two or three new shafts have been started on the Columbia vein and a large quantity of carbonate has been raised, which will probably be shipped to Mineral Point this week.

The sulphides at the various openings that Mr Drescher has made along the vein are remarkable, even in this remarkable district, for the very high per centage of both zinc and lead that they carry. It seems to a layman that milling would hardly be necessary for much of this ore, it is so very solid in both galena and zinc blende.

The Columbia company will cause a metamorphose in the section surrounding Crittenden springs, and it may be necessary to keep the springs hotel open the year around, to accommodate the large number of people interested in that section.

Bryan Paragraphs.

Britannia rules the wave—when Mr. Morgan waves his rule.

The Roosevelt trust busting is all done in the advance notices.

Of course the new thresher trust will make the farmers shell out.

The Tennessee election returns prove beyond a doubt that the Tennessee Democracy is not in need of reorganization.

With one accord the administration organs continue to declare that the reorganization of the Democratic party is essential to Democratic success. The desire of the administration organs to achieve success for the Democratic party is touching to see.

A negro has just been tarred and feathered at Marion, Mass., within sight of Bunker Hill. Thus early is vindicated the judgment of the Arkansas negro who refused a pardon from the penitentiary on the condition that he make his home in Massachusetts.

A Missouri man disbelieves the report of finding a human skull 35,000 years old in Kansas, and basis his disbelief on the ground that there were no men that long ago. Our Missouri friend is clearly wrong. It has been fully that long since Mr. Knox busted a trust.

Let us hope that the new justice of the supreme court will be an "autocrat of the judicial table" in the same sense that his famous and kindly progenitor was an "autocrat of the breakfast table."

"Stringtown on the Pike" sold over a hundred thousand copies and was read by twice that many people. Every one of those readers will want to see an illustrated article in the September Woman's Home Companion, which describes the real Stringtown and many of the real people from whom the characters in the novel were taken.

Shatters all Records.

Twice in hospital, F. A. Gullage, Oer-bena, Ala., paid a vast sum to doctors to cure a severe case of piles, causing 24 tumors. When all failed Bucklen's Arnica Salve soon cured him: subdues inflammation, conquers aches, and pains; best salve in the world; 25c at Woods & Co's.

DESPERATE CONVICTS

Make a Break for Liberty at the Frankfort Penitentiary.

Three desperate prisoners, Wallace Bishop and Thos. Mulligan, of Covington, and Lafayette Brooks, of Morgan county, assisted by Albert Ransom, colored, of Louisville, made a break for liberty at the Frankfort penitentiary at 6 o'clock Wednesday morning. Failing in the effort to escape or to kill prison officials, which seemed to be a part of the plot, they stood at bay in one of the prison shop rooms, holding Foreman Charles Willis in duress, for more than four hours. After the negro Ransom had been wounded, and Brooks had also sustained a slight wound, they agreed to surrender. Bishop rebelled against the agreement and made show of resistance. He was shot by Geo. Frey, a guard, and died late in the afternoon. Bishop was the leader of the mutiny, which was planned six months ago.

THE LATEST NEWS.

A tornado and cloudburst at Pa-na, Ill., caused damage estimated at \$150,000.

Eight or ten negroes are said to have been killed in a race riot in Mississippi.

Tramps are committing numerous robberies in the vicinity of Fulton. At 4 o'clock Saturday morning two negroes robbed an Illinois Central engineer of \$94; and two mules were stolen Thursday night.

Warden Lillard, of the Frankfort penitentiary, received a letter from Mrs. C. E. Bishop, of Hammond, Ind., mother of the dead convict mutineer saying: "Kentucky murdered my boy; let her bury him. What's a lump of clay to an outraged, broken-hearted mother."

Miss Mabel O'Rear, the seventeen year old daughter of Judge O'Rear, of the Court of Appeals, while boating in the Ohio river was drowned Friday night. The young lady was accompanied by Miss Anna Stewart and Oscar Mortashead of Fernbank, Ohio. They were following in the wake of a steamer, when a big wave cap sized their frail craft. Miss Stewart and the young man clung to the canoe and were saved. Miss O'Rear sank and was seen no more. The body was recovered.

A Bad Man.

The authorities at Smithland have received from Chief of Police Phil Dietsch, of Cincinnati, photographs of Charles Culver, now in jail at Smithland on the charge of being one of the safe-blowers who cracked the strong box of Johnson Bros. at Lola, Livingston county, last winter. The Cincinnati authorities say Culver is a bad man, a native of Ohio and once did eight years in the Ohio penitentiary for some crime, and that he has been arrested times number by the Queen City authorities who knew him as Tom Wing alias Spotty Wing.

The way the Smithland people discovered that Culver was from Cincinnati is through the interception of a communication he had written to Mrs. Emma Wing, of Cincinnati, and given to Jailer Threlkeld, of Smithland, to mail, but the letter was opened and much valuable information gleaned as to his past history by digging up the records a little.

BRUTAL MURDER.

And Assault of Young Girl—Murderer Hangs Himself.

Miss Zola Vick the sixteen year old daughter of a prosperous farmer living near Russellville, was murdered after making a successful fight against a would-be criminal assailant. She left home at noon to go to the milk spring house. Not returning a search resulted in finding her body, with the head beaten to a pulp, in a fence corner, fifteen yards from the spring, covered with leaves, and a large bloody stone on her head. There were signs of a desperate struggle.

The leading citizens met at the court house next morning and offered \$500 reward for Miss Vick's murderer. The Governor has offered an additional reward of \$500. Five hundred men are searching without result; hounds can not get the trail. The coroner's examination shows that the girl was outraged and then killed. People for miles around are leaving their homes to join in the search. Friday afternoon Marshall, who was accused of the murder of Zola Vick, was found hanging in a barn near the scene of the murder. His body was discovered by a farmer. An inquest was held and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide. A heel plate found on Marshall's shoe corresponded with marks found at the spring where the girl was murdered, and the officers and citizens have no doubt that he was the murderer. Marshall's body was buried immediately after the inquest. The excitement in Logan county has about subsided, and business of all kinds, which has been virtually suspended at Russellville since the murder, has resumed its normal course.

In Memory.

Little May Murphy, the subject of this sketch, was born August, 1890, was about twelve years of age, and came to her death by a falling pitchfork, and was only heard to say to her unfortunate broken hearted cousin Clifton, "It stuck in my eye." She with her own hands removed the fork and fell unconscious to the ground. She was carried to the house and died in a few minutes.

May was a sweet, spirited little girl, was loved by all who knew her. She was a heavenly inquirer; she loved to talk about heaven; we are fully assured that could she return that her story of heaven would be grand; we miss her, as her teacher in the Sunday school, her classmates miss her, mama, papa, Crossland and Luby.

We would not call her back again To earth's toils, care and strife, From the bright mansions above And the joys of an endless life.

Her Teacher.

To My Friends.

It is with joy I tell you what Kodol did for me. I was troubled with my stomach for several months. Upon being advised to use Kodol I did so, and words can not tell the good it has done me. A neighbor had dyspepsia and had tried most everything. I told him to use Kodol. Words of gratitude have come to me from him because I recommended it. Geo W. Fry, Viola, Ia. Health and strength of mind and body depend on the stomach and normal activity of the digestive organs. Kodol, the great reconstructive tonic, cures all stomach and bowel troubles, indigestion, dyspepsia. Kodol digests any good food you eat. Take a dose after meals; at Haynes.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children—The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

GREAT GATHERING

Of Sunday School Workers at the Hopkinsville Convention

The thirty-seventh annual session of the Kentucky Sunday School Convention was held at Hopkinsville last week. Measured by former conventions of the association not over three hundred delegates were expected, but the attendance numbered something like seven hundred. It was more than twice as large as any Sunday School convention ever held in Kentucky, and was the largest assembly of Sunday school workers ever gathered in the South. The fact that the number of delegates was over double what it was last year is an unmistakable evidence of the growth of Sunday school interest throughout the state. The spirit of the convention, the earnestness of the speakers, and the regularity of the attendance at all the sessions betokened that Kentucky is thoroughly alive to the importance of the Sunday school as the greatest moral agency with the young in the world.

Every session of the meeting was replete with enthusiasm and valuable information. No church in town was able to accommodate the delegates, and those interested in the work, and it became necessary to meet in the tabernacle, where the night sessions were attended by from 3,000 to 4,000 people.

Messages to Friends in the Orient.

[From the Wilkesbarre Leader]. Carrying with them more than a score of graphophone records, messages to friends in the far East, the Reverend and Mrs. John Gowdy have started for Foo Chow, China, where they will make their permanent home. Several years ago the Rev. Mr. Gowdy left West Pittston for Drew Seminary to be educated to engage in missionary work, and he was very successful. He received appointment as instructor in the Anglo-Chinese college there, and three weeks ago here ended his journey of 18,000 miles to mark the close of a romance of his earlier life in Pittston.

Miss Gertrude Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Thompson, became his bride and agreed to share his fortune and success in the Orient.

When it became known that the couple will travel through the interior they were asked to take messages to many friends, and to facilitate the undertaking and perhaps to bring the recipient thereof a trifle nearer home, it was decided to make graphophone records and this was done. They were packed in a case, and will be delivered as the missionary happens across the friends.

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ON THE LINE OF THE

Illinois Central R. R.

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Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroad

Castalian Springs, Allison's Wells, Cooper's Wells, Lowe's Wells and Brown's Wells are regularly established health and pleasure resorts with medicinal waters as a feature, and having hotel accommodations. They are located on or contiguous to the lines of the Illinois Central and Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroads.

In the Upland Region of MISSISSIPPI.

Send to the undersigned for a free copy of an illustrated book describing them all. In addition, Hardin Springs, Grayson Springs, Dawson Springs, Oerulean Springs and Crittenden Springs

In Western Kentucky and Creal Springs and Dixon Springs in Southern Illinois

are similar resorts concerning which an illustrated book has been issued, which can be had free on application to the undersigned.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Illinois Central, R. R., Chicago, Ill.

A MORTAL ANTIPATHY

BY JACK LONDON.

John Claverhouse was a moon-faced man. You know the kind, cheekbones wide apart, chin and forehead melting into the cheeks, to complete the perfect round, and the nose, broad and pudgy, equidistant from the circumference, flattened against the very center of the face like a dough-ball upon the ceiling. Perhaps this is why I hated him, for truly he had become an offense to my eyes, and I believed the earth to be cumbered with his presence. Perhaps my mother may have been superstitious of the moon and looked upon it over the wrong shoulder at the wrong time.

But be that as it may, I hated John Claverhouse. Not that he had done me what society would consider a wrong or an ill turn. Far from it, in any such sense. The evil was of a deeper, subtler sort, so elusive, so intangible, as to defy definite analysis in words. We all experience such things at some period in our lives. For the first time we see a certain individual; one whom the very instant before we did not dream existed; and yet, at the first moment of meeting we say: "I do not like that man." Why do we not like him? Ah, we do not know why; we only know that we do not. We have taken a dislike, that is all. And so I with John Claverhouse.

What right had such a man to be happy? Yet he was an optimist. He was always gleeful and laughing. All things were always all right, curse him. Ah! how it grated on my soul that he should be so happy! Other men could laugh and it did not bother me. I even used to laugh myself—before I met John Claverhouse.

But his laugh! It irritated me, maddened me, as nothing else under the sun could irritate or madden me. It haunted me, gripped hold of me, and would not let me go. It was a huge gargantuan laugh. Waking or sleeping it was always with me, whirling and jarring across my heart-strings and the very fibers of my being like an enormous rasp. At break of day it came whooping across the fields to spoil my pleasant morning reverie. Under the aching noon-day glare, when the green things drooped and the birds withdrew to the depths of the forest, and all nature drowsed, his great "Ha! ha!" and "Ho! ho!" rose up to the sky and challenged the sun. And at black midnight, from the lonely cross-roads where he turned from town into his own place, came his plaguey cacklings to rouse me from my sleep and make me toss about and clench my nails into my palms.

I went forth privily in the night-time and turned his cattle into his fields, and in the morning heard his whooping laugh as he drove them out again. "It is nothing," he said; "the poor dumb beasts are not to be blamed for straying into a fatter pasture."

He had a dog called "Mars," a big, splendid brute, part deerhound and part bloodhound, and resembling both. Mars was a great delight to him, and they were always together. But I bided my time, and one day, when opportunity was ripe, I lured the animal away and settled for him with arsenic and beefsteak. It made positively no impression on John Claverhouse. His laugh was as hearty and frequent as ever, and his face as much like the full moon as it always had been.

Then I set fire to his hay-stacks and his barn. But the next morning, being Sunday, he went forth blithe and cheerful.

"Where are you going?" I asked him as he went by the cross-roads.

"Trout," he said, and his face beamed like a full moon. "I just dote on trout, you know."

Was there ever such an impossible man! His whole harvest had gone up in his hay stacks and barn. It was uninsured, I knew. And yet, in the face of famine and the rigorous winter, he went out gayly in quest of a mess of trout, forsooth, because he "doted" on them! Had gloom but rested, no matter how lightly, on his brow, or had his bovine countenance grown long and serious and less like the moon, or had he removed that smile but once from off his face, I am sure I could have forgiven him for existing. But no, he grew only more cheerful under misfortune.

I insulted him. He looked at me in slow and smiling surprise.

"I fight you? Why?" he asked,

slowly. And then he laughed. "You are so funny! Ho! ho! You'll be the death of me! He! he! he! Oh! Ho! ho! ho!"

What would you do? It was past endurance. By the blood of Judas, how I hated him! Then there was that name—Claverhouse! What a name! Wasn't it absurd? Claverhouse! Merciful heaven, why Claverhouse? Again and again I asked myself that question. I should not have minded Smith, or Brown, or Jones—but Claverhouse! I leave it to you. Repeat it to yourself—Claverhouse. Just listen to the ridiculous sound of it. Claverhouse! Should a man live with such a name? I ask of you. "No," you say. And "No," said I.

But I bethought me of his mortgage. What of his crops and barn destroyed, I knew he would be unable to meet it. So I got a shrewd, close-mouthed, tight-fisted money-lender to get the mortgage transferred to him. I did not appear, but through this agent I forced the foreclosure, and but few days (no more, believe me, than the law allowed) were given John Claverhouse to remove his goods and chattels from the premises. Then I strolled down to see how he took it, for he had lived there upward of 20 years. But he met me with his saucer-eyes twinkling, and the light glowing and spreading in his face till it was as a full-risen moon.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed. "The funniest tyke, that youngster of mine! Did you ever hear the like? Let me tell you. He was down playing by the edge of the river when a piece of the bank caved in and splashed him. 'O, papa!' he cried; 'a great big puddle flew up and hit me!'"

He stopped and waited for me to join him in his infernal glee.

"I don't see any laugh in it," I said, shortly, and I knew my face went sour.

He regarded me with wonderment, and then came the damnable light, glowing and spreading, as I have described it, till his face shone soft and warm, like the summer moon, and then the laugh—"Ha! ha! That's funny! You don't see it, eh? He! he! Ho! ho! ho! He doesn't see it! Why, look here. You know a puddle—"

But I turned on my heel and left him. That was the last. I could stand it no longer. The thing must end right there, I thought, curse him! The earth should be quit of him. And as I went over the hill I could hear his monstrous laugh reverberating against the sky.

Now, I pride myself on doing things neatly, and when I resolved to kill John Claverhouse I had it in my mind to do so in just such a fashion that I should not look back upon it and feel ashamed. I hate bungling and I hate brutality. To me there is something repugnant in merely striking a man with one's naked fist—faugh! it is sickening! So, to shoot, or stab, or club John Claverhouse (O that name!) did not appeal to me. And not only was I impelled to do it neatly and aristocratically, but also in such a manner that not the slightest possible suspicion could be directed against me.

To this end I bent my intellect, and, after a week of profound and strenuous incubation, I hatched the scheme. Then I set to work. I bought a water-spaniel bitch, five months old, and devoted my whole attention to her training. Had any one spied upon me, they would have remarked that this training consisted entirely of one thing—retrieving. I taught the dog, which I called "Bellona," to fetch sticks. I threw into the water, and not only to fetch, but to fetch at once, without mousing or playing with them. The point was that she was to stop for nothing, but to deliver the stick in all haste. I made a practice of running away and leaving her to chase me, with the stick in her mouth, till she caught me. She was a bright animal and took to the game with such eagerness that I was soon content.

After that, at the first opportunity, I presented Bellona to John Claverhouse. I knew what I was about, for I was aware of a little weakness of his, and of a little private and civic sinning of which he was regularly and inveterately guilty.

"No," he said, when I placed the end of the rope to which she was tied in his hand. "No, you don't mean it." And his mouth opened wide, and he grinned all over his damnable moon face.

"I—kind of thought, somehow, you didn't like me," he explained. "Wasn't it funny for me to make such a mistake?" And at the thought he held his sides with laughter.

"What is her name?" he managed to ask between paroxysms—

"Bellona," I said.

"He! he!" he tittered. "What a funny name!"

I gritted my teeth, for his mirth put them on edge, and snapped out between them: "She was the wife of Mars, you know."

Then the light of the full moon began to suffuse his face, until he exploded with: "Well, I guess she's a widow now! Oh! Ho! ho! El! he! he! Ho!" he whooped after me, and I turned and fled swiftly away over the hill.

The week passed by, and on Saturday evening I said to him: "You go away Monday, don't you?"

He nodded his head and grinned. "Then you won't have another chance to get a mess of those trout you just 'dote' on."

But he did not notice the sneer. "Oh, I don't know," he chuckled. "I'm going up to-morrow to try pretty hard."

Thus was assurance made doubly sure, and I went back to my house literally hugging myself with rapture.

Early next morning I saw him go by with the dip net and gunnysack, and Bellona trotting at his heels. I knew where he was bound, and cut out by the back pasture and climbed through the underbrush to the top of the mountain. Keeping carefully out of sight, I followed the crest along for a couple of miles to a natural amphitheater in the hills, where the little river ramped down out of a gorge and stopped for a breath in a large and placid rock-bound pool. That was the spot! I sat down on the croup of the mountain, where I could see all that occurred, and lighted my pipe.

Ere many minutes had passed John Claverhouse came plodding up the bed of the stream. Bellona was ambling about him, and they were in high feather, her short, snappy barks mingling with his deeper chest-notes. Arrived at the pool, he threw down the dip net and sack, and drew from his hip pocket what looked like a large fat candle. But I knew it to be a stick of "giant," for such was his method of catching trout. He dynamited them. He attached the fuse by wrapping the "giant" tightly in a piece of cotton. Then he ignited the fuse and tossed the explosive into the pool.

Like a flash, Bellona was into the pool after it. I could have shrieked aloud for very joy. Claverhouse yelled at her, but without avail. He pelted her with clods and rocks, but she swam steadily on till she got the stick of "giant" in her mouth, when she whirled about and headed for shore. Then, for the first time, he realized his danger, and started to run. As foreseen and planned by me, she made for the bank and took out after him. Oh, I tell you, it was great! As I have said, the pool lay in a sort of amphitheater. Above and below, the stream could be crossed on stepping stones. And around and around, up and down and across the stones, raced Claverhouse and Bellona. I could never have believed that such an ungainly man could run so fast. But run he did, Bellona hot-footed after him, and gaining. And then, just as she caught up, he in full stride, and she leaping with nose at his knee, there was a sudden flash, a burst of smoke, and terrific detonation, and where man and dog had been the instant before there was naught to be seen but a big hole in the ground.

"Death from accident while engaged in illegal fishing." That was the verdict of the coroner's jury; and that is why I pride myself on the neat and artistic way in which I finished off John Claverhouse. There was no bungling, no brutality; nothing to be ashamed of in the whole transaction, as I am sure you will agree. No more does his infernal laugh go echoing among the hills, and no more does his fat moon face rise up to vex me. My days are peaceful now, and my night's sleep deep.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Ancient Bridal Custom.

The old custom of giving a purse to the bride at a wedding is still observed in an odd fashion in parts of Cumberland. The bridegroom provides himself with a number of gold and silver pieces, and, at the words: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," hands the clergyman his fee and pours the other coins into a handkerchief held by the bride. In other places the bride asks her husband for a gift of money or property on the day after the wedding, and this request he is bound in honor to grant.

A Fortunate Young Man.

Fortunate is the young man who possesses a full set of good habits.—Chicago Daily News.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

A severe earthquake shock was felt at Skagway, Alaska, on the 11th inst. Several brick structures were damaged.

James Parish, the third of the party who robbed a Mexican Central train, near the border, several weeks ago, has been captured.

According to statistics of the census bureau, the cost of issuing modern newspapers has increased with a corresponding decrease in profits to the publishers.

The government is sending out special agents in the west to investigate and adopt some plan to protect forests from destruction by fire. In the last few years millions worth of timber, the property of the government, has been consumed by fire, the result of carelessness of hunters and movers.

President Roosevelt has appointed Hon. Oliver Wendell Holmes, chief justice of Massachusetts, to be an associate justice of the United States supreme court to succeed Mr. Justice Gray, who resigns on account of ill health. Mr. Gray served as associate justice for twenty-five years.

A dispatch from Manila says a small party of Moros surprised an outpost of the Twenty-seventh infantry at Camp Vicars. Sergeant Foley and Private Carry were killed and Private Van Dorn severely wounded. The Moros, who numbered only a dozen, were armed with spears and swords.

The next congress will be asked to pass a law directed especially to the punishment of all persons having anything to do with offering to sell alleged imitations of United States currency, under whatever name it may be called. This is considered necessary on account of renewed activity among the "green-goods" men, who are busier just now than they have been before in years.

A desperate battle took place August 5 between government troops and revolutionists at Barcelona, Venezuela, in which the revolutionists gained a victory. The dead on both sides numbered 167 and the city was surrendered to the revolutionists. At the request of the United States minister at Caracas, a man of war was dispatched to the scene of trouble to protect American interests.

Joseph Dillon, a tramp who was arrested at New Orleans for breaking a show window, died in the parish prison, as a result of his greed. Dillon was fed and there was some stew served. He was delighted when he found a big piece of meat in his pan. He did not take time to break the piece, but swallowed it, and in a second or so began strangling. He tried to call for help, but was unable to say a word. In a minute or so some of the prisoners noticed that Dillon was in pain, and they called Capt. Rensseny and several deputies. They did all they could for the man, and called an ambulance, but before it reached Dillon the end came.

Several months ago the Pacific Commercial Cable Company sought permission from the executive branch of the government to lay a Pacific cable running from San Francisco, via Honolulu and Guam, to China, there to connect with the British cable to the Philippines. The proposition of the company was to assume all expense of laying and operating the cable. For the concessions of landings at San Francisco, Honolulu and Guam the company proposed to grant to the United States government special rates, and, in certain conditions of war, practically absolute control of the cable. It is understood President Roosevelt and Attorney General Knox are in favor of accepting the proposition, and the senate will be asked to ratify the same.

Chas. Salyers, white, and Harry Gates, colored, were taken from jail at Lexington, Mo., by a masked mob and hanged. They confessed to the murder of a prominent farmer.

Three Columbian revolutionary generals were recently shot by order of government officials at Panama. Other leaders against the government have been condemned, but will offer strong resistance to save their lives.

Gen. Funston is reported seriously ill at his home in Denver, Col. W. A. Scott, a millionaire, was stabbed to death in his office in Chicago by W. L. Stebbings, a civil engineer.

Hon. R. A. Alger is a candidate for the United States senate from Michigan to succeed the late James McMillan.

Officials of the G. A. R. are planning to establish permanent headquarters of the organization at Washington.

A new gold field has been discovered in South Africa, said to be more promising than the territory already developed.

Ex-Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, is in Honolulu on the mission of syndicating the big sugar plantations on the islands.

Albert Ullman, of Woodland, Wis., has confessed to assassinating his grown daughter, who was to have been married in a few days.

United States Senator James McMillan, of Michigan, died from a sudden attack of heart disease on the 10th. He was 64 years of age.

Secretary of the Treasury Shaw will have coined \$1 gold pieces bearing the face of Thomas Jefferson as St. Louis world's fair souvenirs.

A damaging storm swept over Kansas City and several people were injured by flying timbers. The wind reached a velocity of fifty miles an hour.

Twenty-five deputy sheriffs guarding a mine at Duryn, Pa., were placed in jail on a charge of rioting. The deputies, it is alleged, fired on a mob of strikers, who were endeavoring to prevent non-union men from working.

F. H. Gerdes, a prominent Memphis business man, hearing a noise in his back yard, took his revolver and went to investigate when he stumbled and fell, the weapon being discharged, the bullet entering his brain.

J. F. Gaynor and Capt. B. R. Greene, under arrest at Quebec, Canada, in connection with alleged frauds in harbor work at Charleston, gained a victory in their fight against extradition, and have been released. The United States government will endeavor to get a rehearing in order that the accused may be brought back to this country for trial.

The treasury department is sending out millions daily to banks throughout the country, the money to be used in marketing this year's crop. These funds are secured by deposits of bonds, and on account of the enormous yield of grain and other farm products the volume of circulation throughout the country has increased during the last year by a large amount. On the 1st of July the total circulation was \$2,260,750,242, or nearly \$200,000,000 more than it was at the end of the fiscal year 1901.

Members of religious orders expelled from France, especially the sisters, are applying to the vatican authorities for permission to settle in the United States. Several of them went to Rome personally for the purpose of urging their requests. A reply has been sent to them pointing out that there are no vacancies in the United States, and besides, calling attention to the difficulty arising from the fact that the expelled sisters do not speak the English language. Canada has been suggested as a better field, as the sisters are comparatively scarce there, and because French is spoken in a large area of the dominion.

Seven people perished by the burning of a frame hotel at San Marcus, Texas, a summer resort. The building was a frame structure. The dead are: Mrs. J. C. Landon, San Angelo; B. Hendricks, Waco; Mrs. Frank Schlupinsky and two children, Houston; Mrs. N. A. Fowler and grandchild, Houston. Cut off from all avenues of escape, this little group, huddled, panic-stricken, in a balcony of the hotel, ignored all entreaties to jump into wet blankets held by willing hands. Mrs. J. C. Landon lost her life in seeking to save the others of the group, and while she was appealing to them the wall slowly toppled inward, pitching the little band into the very center of the flames.

Tracy R. Banks, of North Dakota, has been elected supreme chancellor of the Knights of Pythias.

The president has given orders that hereafter the names of the enlisted men of the army who die in the Philippines be called to this country once every two weeks. When the volunteer army was in the archipelago it was the custom to draw the casualties, but on the withdrawal of that army the practice was discontinued.

ANIMAL CORONATIONS.

Beasts and Birds Follow Human Example and Crown Kings.

Animals, birds and insects quite naturally follow the examples of human beings and choose rulers for themselves.

A close observer of the habits of the speechless beings, birds and bugs, that inhabit man's sphere and live in the air he breathes, has noted that every big community of rooks has a king of its own—often descended from the same royal family. When the black assembly meets to acknowledge its new monarch for the first time there is small chance of the neighborhood forgetting it, says the Philadelphia Press.

The rook monarch is generally the strongest and worst-tempered old male bird in the rookery, and he succeeds to the throne when his predecessor is getting past his prime and not well able to take care of himself.

The monarch is a thoroughgoing despot and bullies everybody, besides taking the best nesting place as his royal palace. He spends a good deal of his time fighting and chastising offenders against the rook code of morals.

But when his fighting powers decline he sooner or later gets a beating from the next best rook—the heir apparent, and the vanquished bird, being wounded, is polished off by the rest of his subjects. Then the whole community gathers round and proclaims the victor king with a chorus of cawing that lasts half the afternoon.

Deer—especially the wild deer of the English forests and Scotch moors—are seldom without a king of their own particular district. They acclaim him sovereign lord with an accord on one understanding, that he is able to protect them from all other tyrants.

When the last rival on the moors has been beaten and driven off by the champion, all the vanquished stags and the assembly of hinds and fawns accept him as leader on the spot, give him place at their head and follow his guidance wherever he chooses to lead. He is usually the finest stag in the district, and in return for his kingship he is expected to keep off all dogs, find the best feeding grounds and scent danger before it arrives. Should a still finer stag appear and defeat him, there is another coronation and the victor takes his place.

Beavers have one of the most impressive coronation services in the animal world, and they choose their king in quite another way.

He is not the best fighter among them, but the wisest and the best engineer.

Beavers build their houses for themselves, with the front doors under water, and erect dams on their pet streams.

The best and strongest builder who can lead in the construction of these works is chosen as monarch and reigns till he dies, when the new sovereign is chosen by the beaver parliament and acknowledged as sovereign by the assembly.

This done, he has to get to work and lead the building of the dams, and he always has the largest and best-built house in his tribe. He is treated with deference, especially by his younger subjects, who fear his teeth; and it is the slap of his tail on the ground that warns when danger threatens.

Ants do not crown a king at all, but they have a queen, whose accession they celebrate with all proper formality, and when her time comes to reign, supply the nest with the necessary thousands of eggs and she sits alone, and her subjects bring her doles of honey and flesh, just as in the case of the crowning of an eastern despot.

Everything is done to make her supremacy complete, but, once she is properly installed as monarch, she has plenty to do, for she has to lay all the eggs for future generations of ant workers and soldiers.

Bees elect that a queen shall rule them, too, and if any royal head can be said to have a crown that sets easily upon it it is the queen bee.

She is the absolute ruler of millions of devoted subjects, who protect their mistress against all the ills of freedom, and who ask in return only a ruler who can lay unnumbered thousands of eggs.

The queen bee is waited upon by hundreds of serving bees, and her life is popularly supposed to be one long existence of honeyed happiness.

Ridiculous.

If there is anything ridiculous about a wig it is the head it covers.—Chicago Daily News.



"HERE COMES DADDY."
WHERE?

PEACEFUL IN CALABASAS.

How a Once Notoriously Wicked Town Was Reformed.

If Bret Harte could return to earth long enough to visit Calabasas he would not know the town. Time was when to call a man a liar in Calabasas was a short and not altogether painless method of suicide. If you didn't hold the cards square the undertaker had a job, and when you got into an argument with your neighbor, your health was likely to be shattered unless you could draw your gun and shoot first.

That was in the good old days of southern California, when lynch law ruled, and Blackstone and the code of civil procedure were unknown. In those days Calabasas was the last refuge of the old frontier desperado, of the blacklegs of the mining camps, of the broken-down and discredited gambler. All of the offscourings of the Pacific coast humanity percolated down through the mountains, canyons and redwood forests of California and found lodgment in the town of Calabasas.

But times have changed. Calabasas has reformed. Prominent citizens do not kill each other for pastime. Everybody is good—so good that Judge Jams, the Calabasas justice of the peace, has resigned, and the board of supervisors has decided not to appoint his successor.

Many are the stories told of the Calabasas of old. Most of the quarrels, which usually ended in sudden death, were over boundary lines between farms and ranches. Every man claimed the other man's land. There used to be two farmers who neglected their crops and left their places overrun with weeds while they amused themselves by sitting out behind trees or hiding behind rocks and shooting at each other.

One day, says the St. Paul Globe, a prominent citizen of Calabasas named Dominguez wanted to water his cattle at a spring. It so happened that another prominent citizen named Yturalde, wanted to water his sheep at the same spring, and at the same time. In those days Calabasas had only one way of adjusting a little dispute like that. Dominguez shot Yturalde and the latter, mortally wounded, took the gun away from Dominguez and beat him to death.

Here's another: An old man named Himman had an argument with two mountaineers over a little matter of a road. They wanted to ride over the road, and he shut them off with a barb wire fence. When they got tired of tearing down the fence every time they wanted to ride along the road, they took a day off, called at his place, and the undertaker buried him the next day.

The sheriff decided to arrest the two mountaineers and did so. Much to his surprise, they went with him as docile as a couple of sheep. The secret of their docility was explained later. Rough-looking men from all parts of the mountains therabouts gathered at Calabasas, and when the prisoners were arraigned before the justice of the peace for a preliminary hearing, his courtroom was lined with big husky mountaineers armed to the teeth. Every man carelessly toyed with a huge revolver, and the justice of the peace, well versed in the traditions of Calabasas, understood the situation only as a man of fine discretion could. He promptly discharged the two prisoners and received the hearty congratulations of all their friends.

One day a little sawed-off man with a surveyor's chain went to Calabasas.

He wasn't looking for trouble. But he set up a tripod with a spyglass above it and made signals to an assistant on the other side of the gulch. The little sawed-off surveyor kept at his work, driving pegs here and there, until Calabasas looked like a newly plotted addition to a Kansas boom town. When he finished everybody discovered that everybody was occupying everybody else's land. Everybody moved and peace reigned in Calabasas.

To-day Calabasas is civilized. A stranger can wear a plug hat without having it shot full of holes. The justice of the peace has resigned, the citizens are building roads to Santa Monica and are talking of organizing a board of trade.

QUEER CASE OF HYSTERIA.

Girl Distinctly Marked by the Devil She Thought Possessed Her.

A series of extraordinary events recently took place at Rodez, France, which have excited widespread interest among all classes, says the Chicago Chronicle. The circumstances were thoroughly investigated by the representative of a Paris journal. The scene of the occurrences was the orphan asylum of Grezes, near Laissac, and they concerned a member of this asylum, by name Sister Saint-Fleuret. The following is the result of the investigation, obtained from absolutely creditable sources and of which he guarantees the correctness.

There has been at the orphan asylum for years a sister, originally from the canton of Bozous, who is afflicted with a species of madness which makes her believe that she is possessed by a devil; her sister superior, the other sisters of the asylum and nearly all the ecclesiastics of the country have a similar belief in her affliction.

The disease, according to her physicians, is merely a species of hysteria; natural predisposition which became acute under the influence of the surrounding atmosphere. But the supernatural features are the result of true auto-suggestion. In her paroxysms the sufferer utters piercing cries of such intensity that the peasants hear them at a great distance from the convent. During these attacks the patient believes herself to be bitten or burnt by the devil in this or that portion of her body. The auto-suggestion is so strong at these times that immediately upon the disappearance of the paroxysm there is found on that portion of the body where the suffering is most intense, either a burn of the skin or the imprint of teeth.

Sister Saint-Fleuret has a horror of every religious object, and the nearby presence of a figure of Christ, of a book of devotions, or of any sacred image immediately throws her into an almost rabid fit. The most curious circumstance is that she need not see these objects, she feels them, she divines them when they are brought near her even though carefully hidden, and she immediately rushes at them to destroy. Further, she frequently divines the thought of persons who speak to her, and she responds to them in their own language whatever this language may be. Although she is a simple peasant who has never received the least education, Sister Saint-Fleuret in her paroxysms speaks Greek, Italian, Russian, English and German. She always responds fluently in the language whatever it may be in which she is addressed.

A RISING RIVER BED.

Mississippi Levees Cause a Serious Condition of Affairs.

"Speaking of the Mississippi river," said an old pilot, "reminds me of what Mark Twain said about the river projecting so many miles out over the Gulf of Mexico, and while, of course, this was merely a bit of humor which the great American author developed by reasoning along a rather curious line, I have been thinking that he could have made a deduction equally as astounding and yet easily within the bounds of reasonable probability. To come to the point, immediately, said the pilot to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter, "the time is rapidly approaching when instead of using the expressions 'down the river,' 'down by the river side,' and other similar sayings, we will have to say 'up the river,' 'up by the river side,' and so on. We can see this condition in its earlier stages on the lower Mississippi now. The river at many points is much above the surface of land, and would spread out over the land but for the existence of levees. And yet the system of levees is responsible for this constantly increasing elevation of the river bed. Instead of making the river scour its bed the levees have made this impossible, and the deposit has been much greater in the bed of the river. There is at all times a certain volume of water to take care of. It is no small volume, either. The daily flow into the Gulf of Mexico through the three passes is something enormous. The levees have confined this vast volume of water to a rather uncomfortable area. Instead of being able to throw a part of the heavy deposit of sediment out over the sides of the river, through such convenient outlets as the river itself, left unhampered, would make, the deposit remains in the area between the levees. Much of it is left in the bed of the river. The result is that the bed is being constantly raised. The river is unable to carry on the scouring processes possible in earlier times before the levees came into such general use. In consequence of this condition the bed of the river will continue to rise unless outlets are provided at different points, and it is not at all likely that these outlets will be provided in our time. So we must go on building levees, and each year we must make them higher and higher all the time. The lower Mississippi now has, I suppose, an average depth of about 45 or 50 feet. In a few years the bottom of the river may be on a level with the land surface, in which event, instead of going down to the river we will have to climb up the hill a considerable distance in order to get into a steamboat. The expression down to the river will then become obsolete. Up will be the word to use. But, of course, this condition may be some time off. Still we cannot tell. Forty years on the Mississippi has convinced me that it is not safe to figure on what the river will do. The Mississippi generally does as she pleases, and we always have to spin our little theories after the thing has happened."

DIGNIFIED SCHOOLBOYS.

The Chinese Lad Is a Model of Sedate Behavior.

The model schoolboy is to be looked for in China. Eleven hundred boys, all bound for Queen's college, Hong-Kong, and not one of them indulging in boisterous laughter or even letting off his superfluous spirits by a run or a leap, is a sight to be witnessed any day in that eastern city.

A correspondent for Tit-Bits stood in one of the streets crowded by these Chinese schoolboys and watched them as they passed. They did not hurry, but walked sedately along, with their books under their arms. The utmost exhibition of youthful feeling was a reserved smile which lighted up the face of a boy here and there as he listened to the conversation of his companions.

Boisterous behavior would have been considered by these Chinese lads as undignified and quite contrary to all ideas of schoolboy good form. The more sedate a Chinese boy is in his behavior, the more he conducts himself like a little old man, the more aristocratic he is considered by his schoolfellows, and the more praise he receives from his schoolmasters and his parents.

There was little variety in the color and cut of their dress. They wore no hats. Some had brushed all their hair straight back into their long queues; while others had a fringe of stiff bristles dividing the shaven from the unshaven territory of their heads.

THE CALIPH AND THE GAME.

Tabor Hath a Card Up His Sleeve and Winneth a Bride.

The caliph of Bagdad, having announced that on a certain day he would give audience to all subjects with a grievance and straighten out affairs to everybody's satisfaction, there came before him, records the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, Sarsina, the corn merchant, and Tabor, the scribe, and Sarsina made his obeisance and began:

"O beneficent ruler, I have a lovely daughter who is the pride of my heart, and I have set my soul upon her marrying wealth. She would do so but for Tabor, the scribe."

"Where does he come in?" asked the caliph.

"Alas, but he has made her love him, and, loving him, she would defy my commands. I will bring disgrace and sorrow to my old heart if she marries a man who can only pay the rent on a four-room flat. My desire is that you advise her to obey me and reprimand Tabor for his cheek."

"What's your side of the story, Tabor?" queried the caliph.

"O most just and gracious ruler," replied the scribe, "it is true that I earn but two plunks a month, but the fair Fatima loves me and is willing to live on hope and country sausage that we may wed. It may be cheeky in me to love a rich man's daughter, but can we control our hearts?"

"Sarsina, have you anything against Tabor except his want of cash?" asked the caliph.

"I have not, O beneficent."

"Then perhaps we can fix things. The pair of you will retire to the anteroom for a couple of hours and take with you a pack of cards and a box of poker chips."

The order was obeyed, and when they stood before him again Sarsina tearfully exclaimed:

"Hear me, O ruler! I held up three jacks against two pairs and wagered half of my wealth. When Tabor called me, I found that he had filled and was ace full. I pray you—"

"Don't do any praying," interrupted the caliph. "I sized Tabor up for just such a young man, and now that he is as rich as you are you can have no further objections to the marriage, and Fatima is his. Three jacks causeth the heart to exult, but ace full comes next to fours and bringeth joy to the soul."

ANGEL FISH A FIGHTER.

Beautiful Outwardly, But So Cantankerous That It Lived Alone.

There died at the aquarium recently an angel fish that for years had had a tank all to itself. It differed from the other angel fish exhibited there also in the respect that it lived unusually long in captivity, says the New York Sun.

One reason why the angels are hard to keep is their scarpiness among themselves. The fight and quarrel and wound one another with the sharp spines with which their gill covers are armed.

This long-lived angel fish killed two or three tank mates, or so wounded them that they died of their injuries, and it continued to attack other angel fish put into the tank with it, until finally, and because of its great beauty, it was permitted to occupy a tank by itself.

It was a vigorous, hardy fish, and the brightest-colored fish the aquarium has ever had; and all angel fish are beautiful. Some angel fish have yellow tails. This one had a blue tail with a yellow edge and the characteristic angel fish blue of its body was of the deepest and at the same time the most vivid and brilliant blue. At times it seemed almost luminous; it was a wonderful and most beautiful blue.

Fighter as it was among its kind, it was one of the tamest fish in the aquarium. It took food from the hand when it had been there two weeks, and was ready to take food in that manner always thereafter.

On the last day that it was fed something so frightened the angel fish that it jumped out of the water and struck the wire screen over its tank with such violence as to inflict a serious cut in its head. It had been in perfect health and condition up to that time, but, susceptible as all fishes are to fright and shock, this was too much for it, and in the following two days it went through a familiar course.

Sometimes it would rush about, and in this blind scurrying do itself some other injury, and sometimes it would go round and round in a small circle, for minutes or an hour at a time, only to fly off into tantrums again, and finally to die of exhaustion.

A LOVE STORY OF THE FOOTSTEPS ON THE SANDS.



LOST AND FOUND HIS FEET.

Civil War Veteran Makes a Startling Discovery.

Every afternoon about five o'clock a man with a peculiar limp passes along Sixth avenue and turns west at Herald square. He is about 60 years of age, is gray bearded, and has the kindest face imaginable. The limp is peculiar in that it does not suggest painful effort, but rather mere stiffness of joint. Which is the case; for this veteran of the civil war walks on two wooden legs, and, moreover, he made them himself, and, more remarkable still, he makes wooden legs for a living, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His name is Harris, and the story of his lost limbs is that of many other less resourceful and indomitable soldiers of the rebellion who parted with their "props" in battle.

But Mr. Harris has another story of a kindred kind to tell, and this is the way he told it:

"On Sherman's march to the sea our regimental surgeon was a Dr. Bradley. He was a mighty nice man, and looked after us fellows as though we were human beings and brothers. But he did like to come the 'saw-bones'; there's no doubt about that. He carried along with him a collection of things in alcoholic jars that gave a man the 'jams' to look at."

"Well, we came to a prison camp one day and released a whole raft of poor fellows who had been living on black beans for two months."

"Doc' Bradley took most interest in a man—I think his name was Kennedy—whose right foot was hanging to his leg by the skin only. He had cut off the left foot himself, and buried it in the sand. 'Doc' Bradley amputated the other one, and put both the feet in a jar of alcohol, you know, and shipped them, as curiosities, to his home in Wilkesbarre, Pa.—that is, to the Wyoming Historical society there. Kennedy was put in an ambulance, and we moved on."

"Now for the curious end of the thing. I called on 'Doc' Bradley a few years ago, when he was the business manager of a Philadelphia newspaper, and while we were talking over that march to the sea, I asked him about Kennedy's feet. He laughed and said: 'Oh, I've got them all right; they're still in that jar at Wilkesbarre.'"

"There was a reporter in the room and he worked the story out of 'Doc' and printed it. Well, what do you

think? Some southern paper copied the yarn, and in about a month along came a letter from Selma, Ala., demanding those feet! It was Kennedy, 'claiming his own,' as 'Doc' wrote me.

"He sent a photograph of himself and his stumps, and said it made him feel uncomfortable to think that an important portion of himself was lying in a jar in a historical society. He wanted the feet back, he said, as it seemed an invidious distinction to feed them on alcohol, when they couldn't appreciate it, and the rest of his carcass was aching for a drink. It was a funny letter, and I'm sorry I didn't ask 'Doc' to let me keep it."

"At any rate, Kennedy got his feet back, buried them, and I understand there was a high old time at the obsequies."

A "STREET" BANQUET.

Novel Affair Recently Arranged in Honor of Andrew Carnegie.

The banquet given recently to Mr. Andrew Carnegie at the Carnegie laboratory of the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, N. J., says the Strand, was one of the most novel and ingenious ever prepared. The steel magnate was greeted on all sides by the metal in which he has made his millions. The great room in which the feast was held looked more like a locomotive workshop than a banquet hall. The decorations were of the most elaborate type, but they were also severe, for it was the students' idea to make the royal supper one of steel from start to finish.

Around the long table was fixed a steel track, on which there ran a movable modern blast-furnace, and other steel dishes. When the lights were turned on the table and the wall hangings caught the rays and sent out myriads of dancing sparks. The delicate china and cut-glass which usually grace the festive board were replaced by novel dishes of steel, fashioned in the oddest shapes. Cups, plates and goblets were of the finest and most highly-tempered steel. The sumptuous repast was served up in beautiful steel dishes, and beside each guest's plate there was an appropriate steel souvenir.

A Foolish Peacemaker.

Blessed is the peacemaker—unless he foolishly attempts to interfere in a quarrel between a man and his wife.—Chicago Daily News.

In the west the demand for labor is great. Hands are getting three dollars a day for the harvest, and farmers look to immigration for relief. Many of them for this reason oppose the restriction of the incoming peoples, when under normal conditions they would consider stricter laws just and necessary.

Immigration and the West

By JOHN F. MOORS.

President of the National Immigration Restriction League.

But does our present immigration really solve the problem? The peoples from northern Europe who formerly sought our shores DID go west, where labor is needed. But the nationality of our immigrants has changed. They no longer come from northern Europe. They come in the main from southern Europe and Asia, where illiteracy and a low standard of living hold sway. THEY DO NOT GO WEST. They settle in New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and other eastern states. THEY CANNOT RELIEVE THE PRESSURE IN THE WEST, FOR THEY DO NOT GO THERE. STATISTICS PROVE THIS.

Even if the class of immigrants who are now coming did adopt "Westward Ho" as their motto, would the people of the west welcome them? Would they welcome a population with far LOWER STANDARDS OF LIVING THAN THEIR OWN, thus lowering wages and increasing poverty and pauperism?

They cannot wish an illiterate population, when they are doing all in their power to educate their own people.

They cannot want a congested population, borne in on a wave of prosperity, which will cause trouble in the industrial field when a reaction comes.

They cannot want a large influx of people knowing nothing of American institutions and traditions.

They cannot want foreign colonies growing up in their large cities.

What the west DOES WANT is the immigration of peoples who can read and write, who will work intelligently, who will not become dependent on charity as soon as hard times occur, who can be duly Americanized. BUT CAN THEY GET THEM?

The Press.

R. C. WALKER, - Publisher
WALTER WALKER, Manager.

OBITUARIES:—Not exceeding 10 lines will be published free of charge. All over 10 lines at 5 cents per line.
RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT:—\$1.00

ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce
OLLIE M. JAMES
a candidate to represent the First District of Kentucky in Congress, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR JUDGE OF THE COURT OF APPEALS.

We are authorized to announce
JUDGE T. J. NUNN
a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Gov. Beckham will prevent a consolidation of the Louisville & Nashville and the Southern Railroads, as it is in violation of the State constitution.

"Thanks, Mr. Walker, for the belated edition of the Crittenden Press, dated July 10, 1902. It is not only what the others have claimed for it, but more. As a work of art the Cosmopolitan might be proud of it, and as a literary production it surpasses the best of Kentucky's many illustrated editions.—Princeton Banner.

A terrific windstorm, accompanied by considerable hail, passed over a portion of Webster county Friday night about 9 o'clock. The track of the storm was over one of the best tobacco growing sections of this end of the state, and many fine fields of tobacco were ruined by the severe winds, which literally whipped the growing plants to pieces and stripped the leaves from the stalks.

We are indebted to the Cadiz Record for the news that Wat Hardin is said to be getting rich gold mining in Georgia. Our last information of him was he was getting rich from oil wells in Wayne county, Ky. The Marion Press says Bill Stone has been visiting some mining properties and gathering information about ores, veins, rocks, etc., in Crittenden county. We trust this will pan out better than 3 for 1 investment companies. It is surely grateful intelligence that there is something doing with these esteemed worthies.—Paducah News-Democrat.

The following are the Democratic nominees in the ten congressional districts the Democrats expect to carry:

First—Ollie M. James.
Second—A. O. Stanley.
Third—John S. Rhea.
Fourth—David H. Smith.
Sixth—D. Linn Gooch.
Seventh—South Trimble.
Eighth—Geo. G. Gilbert.
Ninth—Jas. N. Kehoe.
Tenth—Frank Hopkins.
The Eleventh district is hopelessly Republican and will again be represented by Vincent Boring.

A Great Lecture.

A large audience heard Col. H. W. J. Ham, the Southern orator and humorist, at the opera house Monday evening. His beautiful lecture, "Old Times in Dixie," was great. He captured the audience at the beginning of the address and held it spellbound until he finished. To say that everybody was pleased is inadequately expressing the delight of those who heard this wonderful word-painter. He received more applause than any lecturer that has appeared here. The sweet story of the old South he tells is full of humor and pathos. Logic and philosophy are not wanting, and a lesson on lofty patriotism is taught. The lecture was the concluding feature of "The Brilliant Constellation" lyceum course managed by Mr. Walter Walker.

Sunday at the Churches.

Rev. T. A. Conway filled his appointment at Rock Spring.
Rev. Joiner preached as usual at the Methodist church in the morning. A large congregation heard an able sermon.
Rev. Montgomery filled the pulpit at the Presbyterian church.
Sunday evening Union services were held at the Presbyterian church. Rev. Joiner delivered the sermon.
Union prayer meeting services will be conducted at the Methodist church this evening.

DEATH'S VICTORY.

Spencer Dorr Died in St. Louis Monday Morning.

Mr. Spencer L. Dorr died Monday at seven o'clock, at the Baptist Sanitarium in St. Louis. The sad intelligence of the young man's death cast a gloom over our city. For several days his condition had improved apparently, and his many friends were hopeful for his recovery. Monday morning the end came suddenly; his sufferings were at an end.

Mr. R. F. Dorr went to St. Louis Thursday to see his son and find him getting along nicely, left Sunday for home. Ere he reached Marion his son was dead. The remains reached this city Tuesday evening. The funeral services were conducted from the Presbyterian church Wednesday afternoon, and in the presence of a large concourse of friends and relatives the remains were laid to rest in the new cemetery.

On Friday, August 1st, Mr. Dorr fell from a high pole on which he was at work, having received a shock from a live wire, and sustained the injuries which caused his death.

Mr. Dorr was united in marriage with Miss Jennie George, daughter of Mr. T. M. George of Livingston county about eighteen months ago. He was twenty years of age. For several years he was engaged in the electrical business and was in the employ of the St. Louis suburban street car line when injured. He was a worthy and most industrious young man, warm hearted, liberal, and possessing a sunny disposition, his death saddens many hearts.

Hurricane Campmeeting.

The Hurricane campmeeting began Thursday. Miss Crowe, a noted lady evangelist, conducts the services; several ministers are assisting her. A large crowd was on the grounds Sunday. Many Marion people attended the services Sunday.

Ben Tucker Crazy Again.

Ben Tucker is violently insane again. He was adjudged insane yesterday morning and sent to the Hopkinsville Asylum. Fearing that he might attempt to injure some one, Tucker was not brought into the court room. He was released from the asylum several months ago. His mind has been unbalanced for a long time, and he has been confined in the asylum twice.

A Railway Accident.

Monday at noon the southbound passenger train ran into the wagon and team of Sherman Woodall killing one of the mules and demolishing the wagon. Mr. Woodall jumped just before the train struck the wagon, and was not injured. One of the mules escaped unhurt. The wagon was coming from the flour mill and Mr. Woodall states that he did not hear the train until it was upon him. The train whistled as usual, and in our opinion no charge of carelessness can be made against the railroad.

Wreck on Illinois Central.

Saturday morning about 11 o'clock there was a head-end collision on the Illinois Central railway between Dekoven and Anvil Rock. The local freight train going south and the construction train came together with a crash, demolishing five cars and tearing up the two engines.

John Guggenbuhl was the engineer on the freight and Alex Watkins on the construction train. At 1:40 the wrecking train went out with Supt. Dill, and by 6:30 the line was clear. Engineer Watkins was pretty badly hurt but it is said not dangerously.

With the Ball Players.

Thursday afternoon Marion played Kuttawa, at this place. The home boys were victorious. The score stood 11 to 3.

The Marion club had a game scheduled with Princeton for Tuesday, but the Princeton's failed to appear, and a team was made up of old players here to represent Princeton. The Princeton's put up a fairly good game but were defeated. The score stood 17 to 9 in favor of Marion. It is to be hoped the Princeton people will fill their own engagements in the future, as the home boys dislike the idea of defeating a proxy team.

The Harrigan team, of this city, defeated the Blackford boys at Blackford Sunday.

BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

FINISHED ITS WORK FRIDAY—ONE OF THE BEST MEETINGS IN ITS HISTORY—NEXT SESSION AT PINCKNEYVILLE.

The Ohio River Association completed the work of its twentieth session Friday afternoon. The interest throughout the entire session was good, the attendance large and the discussions and reports full of life—all indicating the great vitality and influence of this great church.

The thirty-six churches of the Association were all represented by messengers and letters.

The opening sermon by Elder Miller was able and ably delivered. His text was, "Will a Man Rob God?"

The visitors from other Associations were Senator J. J. Watkins, I. M. Wise, N. J. Fox, C. H. Gregston, J. W. Vaughn, S. Withers, M. E. Miller, Henry McGill, Van McGill. Other visitors were Prof. A. L. Rhoton, of Georgetown college, Dr. J. G. Bow, Secretary of the State Board of Missions, Rev. R. H. Cleaton, of the Baptist Argus, Geo. H. Cox, representative of the Ministers Aid Society, Prof. Harrison, of Bethel college, Rev. Hall, of the Baptist Flag, C. S. Stewart and W. M. Yasher of Little Bethel Association, Hon. W. J. Stone, C. E. Perryman and T. E. Richie of Little River Association, Eld F. P. Turner, of Golconda, Ill.

The reports showed the following collections for the year: Missions, \$488.61; Orphans Home, \$165.19; Ministers Aid, \$107.54. These reports showed an increase of 30 per cent. in collections over last year.

Eld. T. A. Conway was chosen messenger to the Southern Baptist convention, with Eld. E. B. Blackburn as alternate.

Eld. R. A. LaRue, E. B. Blackburn, W. R. Gibbs, J. S. Miller, T. A. Conway, and Messrs. O. D. McManus and Zed Bennett were chosen messengers to the General Association.

ROMANTIC MARRIAGE

Of Mr. A. J. Hartzell of Ohio and Miss Nunn of Sullivan.

Mr. A. J. Hartzell, of Greenville, Ohio, and Miss Hughey Nunn, of Sullivan, were married in Louisville Wednesday night. The Post of Thursday said:

"Due to the good offices of a newspaper advertisement, Mr. A. J. Hartzell, of Greenville, Ohio, and Miss Hughey Nunn, of Sullivan, Ky., were married last night at the Willard Hotel.

"Mr. Hartzell stated that some time ago he grew tired of single blessedness and inserted an advertisement in a paper stating that a wife was desired. Miss Nunn saw the notice and in a spirit of fun answered. A correspondence followed. Miss Nunn and Mr. Hartzell finally met in Lexington, and after a few days acquaintance decided to get married this fall.

"About a week ago she agreed to meet Mr. Hartzell in this city at the Willard Hotel. Accompanied by her brother Miss Nunn arrived yesterday. Mr. Hartzell was waiting. After supper a license was procured, and a magistrate was summoned, who made them man and wife.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hartzell left this morning for his home in Greenville, Ohio."

Miss Nunn has many friends in this city. She is a sister of Mrs. J. N. Boston of this place and Mr. Robert I. Nunn of Repton. She is a most attractive young lady.

Look Pleasant, Please.

Photographer C. H. Harlan of Eaton, O., can do so now, though for years he couldn't, because he suffered untold agony from the worst form of indigestion. All physicians and medicines failed to help him until he tried Electric Bitters, which worked such wonders for him that he declares they are a godsend to sufferers from dyspepsia, and stomach troubles. Unrivalled for diseases of stomach, liver and kidneys, they build up and give new life to the whole system. Try them! only 50c guaranteed at Woods & Co's.

A resolution endorsing the work of the International Local Option committee was passed.

The resolutions of missions recommended special effort in collections the coming year.

Sulphur Spring church was selected as the place for holding the next session of the ministers and members meeting.

There was a pretty lively contest for the next session of the association. The vote, narrowed down to Pinckneyville and Blooming Grove, and the former won.

The report of committee on Orphans Home shows the enrollment at the Home in Louisville to be 76. The expense of caring for a child one year \$100.

The oldest minister in the Association is Eld. M. H. Utley.

Eld. J. S. Henry was ordained in 1870; Eld. Blackburn in 1896; and Eld. Gibbs in 1871.

There are fourteen ministers in Crittenden county, members of the association.

The total membership in the association is 3500—an increase of 200 over last year.

Eld. D. M. Green was a visitor from Marshall county. He is 83 years old.

Mr. G. N. McGrew has been moderator fifteen years and Eld. Miller has been clerk twenty years. It goes without the saying that they are popular and efficient officials.

Eld. W. R. Gibbs has served the following churches as pastor:

Blackburn, 3 years; Clear Spring 8 years; Caldwell Springs, 10 years; Crooked Creek, 1 year; Dunn Spring, 7 years; Deer Creek, 2 years; Dyers Hill, 5 years; Emmaus, 1 year; Hampton, 3 years; Lola, 1 year; Mt. Olivet, 3 years; Macedonia, 1 year; Repton 3 years; Salem 4 years; Smithland, 2 years; Sugar Creek, 1 year; Sulphur Spring, 3 years; Walnut Grove, 3 years.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Some men succeed by ability and some rely on their nerve.

Hill's Headache Tablets are guaranteed to cure headache of ordinary nervous type, neuralgia in as short a time as it is possible to be cured in. They are harmless, sure, effective, contain no opiates. Price 25c; for sale by all patent medicine dealers in the county.

Women sometimes feel unworthy of their husbands—in novels.

Physician and Druggists.

Ford & Sturgeon, a prominent drug firm at Rocky Hill Station, Ky., write: "We were requested by Dr. G. B. Snigley to send for Herbine for the benefit of our customers. We ordered three dozen in December and we are glad to say Herbine has given such great satisfaction that we have duplicated this order three times, and today we gave your salesman another order. We beg to say Dr. G. B. Snigley takes pleasure in recommending Herbine." 50c bottles at H. K. Woods & Co's.

There is always something coming to us that we should like to see sidetracked.

W. H. Herrin, stock buyer of Cave-in-Rock, Ill., says: I have used Hill's Anti-Malarial Tablets for various ailments; they have cured me of chills, biliousness and torpid liver, and I do not hesitate in saying they are the best and cheapest of their kind in the United States. This is only the remark of one man; try them and be convinced of their merits. Price 25c; sold by all druggists in the county.

Some girls give up a kiss as if they were having a tooth pulled.

DR. FENNER'S KIDNEY and Backache CURE
All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Also Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles.
Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations free.
I had severe case of kidney disease and rheumatism, discharging bloody matter. Suffered intense pain. My wife was seriously affected with female troubles. Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure cured us both.
F. M. WHEELER, Randolph, Ia.
Druggists, 50c. Ask for Cook Book—Free.
ST. VITUS' DANCE Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

Public Sale.

I will, beginning Tuesday, Sept. 2d, and continue until property is disposed of, at the residence of the late E. H. Porter, about 8 miles southeast of Marion, offer for sale to the highest and best bidder the following described property:

A remnant stock of dry goods and hardware, blacksmith tools, wheat thrasher, and farming implements of all kinds, hay, corn, household, and kitchen furniture, and a number of other articles.

Terms: All sums of \$5 and under, cash; above \$5 six months time, note with good security.

Blank mineral lenses and contracts for sale at the Press office.

Commissioner's Sale!

Crittenden Circuit Court, Kentucky.
J. M. Phillips Plaintiff, { Equity.
Against
R. A. Moore, etc. Defendant }

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Crittenden Circuit Court, rendered at the June term thereof 1902, in the above cause for the sum of \$140.71, with interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum from the 8th day of September, 1902 until paid, and costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the court house door in Marion to the highest bidder, at PUBLIC AUCTION, on Monday, the 8th day of September, 1902, at 1 o'clock, P. M., or thereabout, (being court day), upon a credit of six months, the following described property, to-wit:

Eight town lots in the town of Tolu, Crittenden county, Ky., to-wit:
Lots No. 14, 16, 18 and 20 in block "B" on Main street, and lots No. 13, 15, 17 and 19 in block "C," on Railroad Avenue in said town.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. For the purchase price the purchaser, with approved security or securities, must execute bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

L. W. CRUCE,
Commissioner.

Commissioner's Sale!

Crittenden Circuit Court, Kentucky
Watkins Carithers, etc. Plff. { Equity.
Against
J. R. Postlethweight, etc. Deft }

By virtue of a Judgment and Order of Sale of the Crittenden Circuit Court, rendered at the June Term thereof, 1902, in the above cause for the sum of \$100.00, with interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum from the day of 1902, until paid, and costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the court house door in Marion to the highest bidder, at PUBLIC AUCTION, on Monday the 8th day of September, 1902, at one o'clock, p. m., or thereabout, (being court day), upon a credit of six months, the following described property, to-wit:

Two certain tracts or parcels of land, situated in Crittenden county, Ky., and bounded as follows: 3 1/2 acre tract known as Lot No. 2, beginning at a hickory, division corner between David and Job Postlethweight, near a branch, thence with division line S 25° W 80 poles to a strike in Nick Fox line, thence with his line S 62 1/2° E 50 poles to a large hickory on the bank of a creek, thence with the meanders of the creek N 29° E 18 poles, N 46° E 34 poles, N 28° E 14 poles to a white oak, thence leaving the creek N 74° E 12 poles to an ask in the fork of the old and new road, thence N 61 1/2° W 67 1/2 poles to the beginning.

The other tract known as Lot No. 4 and containing 10 acres is bounded as follows: Beginning at a small hickory one of the original corners, thence N 29° W 75 poles to a post oak and hickory, thence N 28° W 16 poles to a stone, thence S 80° W 18 1/2 poles to a stake, thence S 29° E 90 1/2 poles to a stake in the original line thence N 61° E 18 poles to the beginning.

For the purchase price the purchaser, with approved security or securities, must execute bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

L. W. CRUCE,
Commissioner.

Carriage for Sale.

I have a nice carriage or surrey for sale. In good condition; will sell at reasonable price.

Mrs. E. M. Boaz.

Marion Graded School

Begins Its Ninth Annual Session

Monday September 15th, 1902,

Under same management as preceeding eight years.

Common School Course
High School Course
Increased Facilities

Educates for Business
Educates for Power
Educates for Life

For boarding or renting rates, write to or call on
CHARLES EVANS, Supt. Marion, Ky.

Marion Bank,

Established 1887.
Capital fully paid . . . \$20,000
Stockholders Liability 20,000
Surplus 10,000

We offer to depositors and patrons every facility which their balances, business and responsibility warrant.

J. W. BLUE, Pres.
T. J. YANDELL, Cashier.

THOUSANDS SAVED BY DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY

This wonderful medicine positively cures Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Pleurisy, La-Grippe, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Cough. Every bottle guaranteed. No Cure. No Pay. Price 50c. & \$1. Trial bottle free.

Notice.
We can not receive any more wheat, only for grinding purposes, for ten days, as all our warehouses are full.
Marion Milling Co.
Aug. 6, 1902.

FOR SALE—Fine male hog, Jersey Red: weight about 250 lbs.
E. E. Thurman.
Marion, Ky.

Yeakey & Hicklin BLACKSMITHS and WOODWORKMEN.

All work receives prompt attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

The Old Griffith Stand MARION, KY

"A BUSINESS Education AND THE PLACE TO GET IT"

Is the title of a neat little book just from the press. It discusses the advantages to be derived from a thorough BUSINESS or SHORTHAND education, at 10c.

INDIANA'S GREATEST SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

Valuable information for you if you are going away to school, and want the best instruction obtainable. Sent free. Write for one at once. Address

LOCKYEAR'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
SECOND AND MAIN STS.
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

The Press.

R. C. WALKER, - Publisher
WALTER WALKER, Manager.

ONE YEAR ONE DOLLAR

L. W. Cruce was in Paducah last week.

Dr. T. A. Frazer was in Blackford Sunday.

Jas L. Travis returned to Louisville Sunday.

Mr. Tom Clifton returned from Dawson Sunday.

Mr. James Paris, of Sturgis was in town Sunday.

Mr. J. C. Bourland was in Evansville Thursday.

Mr. Carl Henderson was in Evansville this week.

Dr. I. H. Clement, of Tolu was in town Thursday.

Mr. J. D. Threlkeld, of Salem, was in town Monday.

Go to Copher's for anything in the confectionery line.

Mrs. Ingram and children left Tuesday for Memphis.

Mr. James R. Summers of Salem was in town this week.

Miss Susie Boyd, of Salem visited friends here last week.

Copher is still making nice bread, get your bread from him.

Mr. T. M. Hill, the Dycusburg merchant, was in town Thursday.

Mr. Norval Pierce, of St. Louis, is the guest of relatives at this place.

Mrs. Nora Brooks, of Dixon, is the guest of relatives at this place.

Copher has finely barbecued meats, fish and boiled ham at all times.

Miss Fannie Steele, of Louisville, is the guest of Miss Melville Glenn.

If you want freshly cooked fish, ham, or barbecued meats go to Copher's.

Mr. P. D. Glenn, of Crayneville was a pleasant caller at the Press office Friday.

Mr. J. D. King, of Eddyville, was the guest of friends in this city this week.

Miss Emma Sherwell, of Birds-ville, visited her friends in this city last week.

\$25 cash will buy the famous Uncle Sam sulkey plow at Cochran & Baker's.

Elder E. J. Willis will begin a series of meetings at the Christian church Sunday.

Collector E. T. Franks, of Owensboro was the guest of friends in this city last week.

Messrs. L. B. Cully and James Paris, of Sturgis will open a repair shop in this city.

You will be satisfied with your work if you patronize the Magnet Laundry, Jas Hicklin, agent.

Miss Loyd, of Fredonia, returned home Sunday after a pleasant visit with friends in this city.

Mr. Albert Butler and family, of Salem, visited friends at this place during the Association.

Mrs. J. W. Trisler desires several boarders. Her residence is on Depot street, and near the college.

Mr. C. W. Fox and daughter, Miss Mabel, and son Verney attended the Association Thursday.

Mrs. J. H. Clifton and daughter, of Dycusburg, were the guests of relatives in this city the first of the week.

The Illinois Central has a large crew at work "filling in" the Harrison trestle, two miles northeast of this city.

Dr. Richard J. Morris, the dentist, will be in Salem Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

Mrs. Birdie Elder will open a millinery store in Salem early in September. She will carry a large line of stylish goods.

Miss Elen Thurmond, the beautiful and accomplished young lady who has been the guest of Miss Stella Thurman, has returned to her home in Omaha, Neb.

The Marion baseball team No. 1 played the Fredonia boys Thursday at Fredonia, and won the victory. The score stood 39 to 18 in favor of Marion.

HOME Insurance Compny

LOSSES PAID OVER \$82,000,000.

Insures Against Loss by Fire, Lightning, Windstorms and Tornadoes.

Note or Installment Plan and refers to any of the many thousands who have been promptly paid for loss by Fire, Lightning, Wind-storm or Tornado, or to any Banker or Business man in America.

Insure in the "Home" Get the Best It's the Cheapest.

J. H. MORSE, Solicitor & Recorder MARION, KY.

Mr. R. F. Dorr was in St. Louis last week.

Do you want a sulky plow; if so, see Cochran & Baker.

If you believe in patronizing home industries buy your bread at Copher's.

Mr. Eli Nunn and daughters, of Rodney, were the guests of friends at this place Thursday.

Miss Kathie Woods was the guest of Miss Bertie Schoolcraft at Repton the latter part of the week.

Mr. J. M. McChesney, of Kelsey, has purchased the Sumner-ville residence on Bellville street, and will move to this city.

For a first-class dressmaker call on Mrs. Wm. Woodbridge. Satisfaction guaranteed. North College street.

Persons desiring dental work will find Dr. Morris, of Marion, at the hotel in Salem, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

Mr. Sam Marvel left Monday in his wagon for an overland trip to Sykeston, Mo. Sam is sixty years old, but he is as spry and merry as if but six-twenty.

Mrs. Harriet Peyton, of Pinckneyville, Ills., is the guest of friends in this county. She was formerly Miss Harriet Love, and has quite a wide connection in this county.

Mr. G. M. DeHaven, of Calvert City, was in the city Thursday. He has many friends in this county, where he formerly resided. Six years have passed since he paid us a visit.

LOST—On the street Wednesday morning, two five dollar bills. Finder leave money at Franklin hotel and be liberally rewarded.

Mrs. Mary Flanary reached home from Mexico Thursday. She has been teaching in a mission school for the past ten months. She enjoyed the trip, the stay and the work.

Senator J. J. Watkins, of Sturgis, attended the Baptist Association at this place and left Friday for Louisville. He is a candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction.

"Stone's Journal is the name of a bright little weekly that made its appearance at Sturgis two weeks ago. Mr. Tyler H. Stone is the editor. The Journal has our best wishes for its success.

Mrs. Birdie Elder left this week for Louisville, and the eastern markets, to purchase an extensive stock of millinery goods. She will be engaged in the millinery business at Salem this season.

The new Dyer's Hill Baptist church will be dedicated Sunday. The new building is a beautiful structure, erected at a cost of \$2,000. The interior is provided with a handsome organ, and elegant church furniture. The church enjoys a large membership. The old building was a brick structure and stood for fifty-seven years. The dedication will be a memorable event in the history of the church.

For the next 60 days I will extract the teeth and make a good set of new teeth, either upper or lower, and insure them to be a perfect fit, and finely finished work, for SEVEN DOLLARS. I will also put on the BEST solid gold crowns and warrant them to stay, for FOUR DOLLARS. Office over Gilbert & Cochran's grocery store, Marion, Ky.

T. H. Cossitt, Dentist.

Now is the time to bring in your old scrap iron, J. G. Gilbert will pay 40 cents per hundred cash.

Mr. S. Hodge, of Princeton, was in town Tuesday.

Mr. R. M. Orange spent the first of the week at Dawson.

Dr. J. N. Todd and wife of Fredonia attended the Ham lecture.

Dr. Grassham, of Salem, attended the Ham lecture Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, of Henderson, are the guests of Mr. J. T. Cochran.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woods, of Eddyville, visited relatives here this week.

Mr. Claude Larue, of New Burn-sides, Ill., is visiting relatives in this county.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller of Enfield, Ills. are visiting the family of Mr. T. J. Cochran.

Mr. W. A. Blackburn and family returned to their home in Louisville Tuesday.

Mrs. S. A. Adams will open her school Sept. 8th. She solicits your patronage.

Mrs. Frances Evans left Monday for Dawson and is a guest at the New Century hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Roberts left Tuesday for Chicago. Mr. Roberts will return in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. LaRue of Levias, and Miss Addie Boyd, of Salem, attended the Ham lecture.

Mrs. R. H. Dean, of LaCrosse, Wis., after a visit with relatives at this place left for home Tuesday.

Mr. R. L. Flanary, the insurance man, and Dr. W. T. Daugh-trey, have fitted up two offices on Bank street.

Capt. W. J. Stone and family, of Lyon county, were guests of friends at this place during the Association.

Mr. R. Montanus, of Louisville, was in the city this week; he was attracted here by the mining developments.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Middleton and children, and Mrs. M. S. Lyon of Indianapolis, Ind., are guests of Mr. H. F. Kuykendall, of this place.

The Presbyterian church will be provided with electric lights. The committee selected to look after the matter easily obtained the required funds.

Miss Grace Parsons, who has been visiting Misses Bessie and Fannie Woods, returned to her home in Pinckneyville yesterday, accompanied by Miss Bessie.

Mr. Joe Dean returned from Texas Thursday, after an absence of two years. He was accompanied by Miss Lou Dean, daughter of Dr. T. L. Dean, of Barstow, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Clement, of View, accompanied by their visitors, Miss Bostelman of Gainsville, Tex., and Miss Spencer, of Louisville, came to this city Monday evening to hear Col. Ham.

Mrs. Nina Howerton and Mrs. Lola Davidson are in Louisville this week, receiving instructions under a fashionable modiste; upon their return here will open a dress making establishment at Mrs. Kit tinger's millinery store.

Wednesday evening, Eld J. N. Hall, the noted Baptist divine, addressed a large audience at the opera house. His theme was, "What is the Present Condition of the Dead," and he dealt with the subject in a masterly way. He is an eloquent and a most impressive speaker.

Mr. H. C. Glenn, the prominent and popular merchant of Crayneville, advertises his business and residence for sale in this issue. Owing to the ill health of members of his family he is forced to give up his business and go to a state where the climate will prove beneficial to his family. Mr. Glenn is a perfect gentleman and a good citizen and will be greatly missed in the commercial circles and by his many friends throughout the county.

Cord of Thanks.

I want to thank the good people of Marion for the kindness shown me and my dear wife during her last illness, and I assure you I have not words to express my appreciation to you for the many kind acts bestowed. But I shall always remember you with the kindest of love, and hope I can at some time do something that will partially repay you for same, and in my hours of loneliness I shall pray for you that your life may be a long and happy one.

Sincerely yours,

C. E. Weldon.

Lights and Shades

That was a charming story that Prof. (?) Evans told in last week's Press about Col. Roberts.

It made the Colonel blush to have so many titles pressed upon him at one time, Colonel and Bowlegs and Gasometer and Promoter, a regular string of decorations.

It is rare that you find a southern gentleman built on this style of invective; generally if a northern man is afflicted with bowlegs the southern gentleman will call him one side, say to the corner of some room, and remark: "can't you straighten up a little more and not be so scandalous crooked" and then they will proceed to some open bar and both straighten up.

Evans arranges this differently, he gives his advice more publicly, still Evans has done much for the public welfare, he has been the cause of all the little girls quitting the chewing gum habit and the young ladies of dancing, and now he has taken Billy Baird under his protecting wing. Poor Billy.

There's one thing, though about Evans that one cannot help but admire and that is his independence. Most of us depend upon Webster or Worcester as our guide for pronunciation. Bless your soul he don't, if the dictionary makers don't agree with him it's good bye dictionary makers, he will have none of them.

Then he is such a self made man and how he does worship his creator. A perfect Apollo in everything but anatomy. He will wear the largest halo made, in the sweet bye and bye.

"He was born at or near Salem" as one old resident told the writer, hastily adding, "and now don't blame Salem for that, she couldn't help it." Some rough things have been said about Salem in this column but we didn't then know what Salem had been bearing all these years. It's pretty tough on Salem.

"He was so sue-ave" He thought he was an orator, But when he rose to speak His tongue refused to wiggle And he ended with a squeak.

A mother and six children were traveling on Capt. Colmisneil's train, according to Ezra Kendall, when the mother took the eldest child and sat the other five on top of him. When the ticket puncher came along after fares the mother calmly said that the six children were hers but the eldest was under five, and the conductor fainted.

An old rum-soaked drunkard was lying out on the street, the sun blazing down upon him. He had his face nearly covered with the exception of his nose. This red nose was covered with flies, who were having a lovely time, evidently. The old sinner seemed to enjoy it well as he smiled and seemed perfectly content. Finally a yellow jacket came along and settled down among the flies and left the imprint of a hot foot on the nose. The old snoozer frowned, and raising his hand said, "Now you will all have to get off."

We don't pretend to know about the financial success of the Crittenden Springs hotel this season, but we do know that it has been a complete hotel success. No better summer resort was ever operated than the Crittenden Springs this past season. The tables, the service, the willingness and desire to please their guests have distinguished every member of the hotel faculty, from the smallest bell boy up through the line to Mr. Wm. Baird and Mr. John Wilson.

The secret of health lays in the regularity of the bowels, and when they are irregular the system will soon be overloaded with different complaints; it is always best to guard against such conditions. If you do this in the right way you'll take a box of Hill's Universal Pills. They are system cleansers; they work while you sleep and leave no bad after effects. Price 25c; for sale everywhere.

All who are indebted to me by note or account will please come forward and settle by Sept. 15th. This is business. Resp'y,

J. L. Rankin, Fords Ferry, Ky.

DEEDS RECORDED.

J. H. Barnes to A. Thurston Pope, mineral rights on 182 acres, \$500.

John H. Conyers to A. Thurston Pope, mineral rights on 43 acres, \$309.

J. Frank Jackson to John Hughes, lot in Marion, \$50.

Willie P. Crider to Jacob Crider, interest in land.

Geo M Crider to Jacob Crider, interest in land, \$90.

Mary Davenport to W. L. Bennett, 4 acres on Cumberland river \$150.

A J Duvall to Mrs. M J Guthrie, House and lot \$700.

For Sale.

A business house and a large stock of general merchandise, at Kelsey; will sell cheap for cash, or exchange for a farm. For further particulars address,

J. M. McChesney, Kelsey, Ky.

It Needs a Tonic.

There are times when your liver needs a tonic. Don't give purgatives that grip and weaken. DeWitt's Little Early Risers expel all poison from the system and act as tonic to the liver. W Scott, 631 Highland avenue, Milton, Pa., says: "I have carried DeWitt's Little Early Risers with me for several years and would not be without them," small and easy to take; purely vegetable, they never gripe or distress. At Haynes'.

Success first makes the name—after which the name makes more success.

Will pay 40 cents per hundred for all kinds of old iron, except stoves, until Oct. 1.

J. G. Gilbert.

WE SELL
CHASE & SANBORN'S
FAMOUS BOSTON COFFEES
Henry & Co.

The Object of Life Is to be Happy. The Time be Happy is Now. The Place to be Happy is Here.

The way to be happy is to go to HEARIN'S grocery to supply your table where you will get the purest and best goods the markets afford and at prices none of competitors can meet on some quality of goods. Come and see for yourselves.

This year, as usual, we will be at Piney again, better prepared to cater to the wants of the campers and general public than ever before. We are making big additions to our stables and will make the care of your horses a special feature. Don't pass us by if you want to be treated right.

Hearin & Son

COLUMBIA DISC

Graphophone

Made in three types selling at

\$15, \$20 and \$30

The best Disc Machine on the Market

Entertains Everybody Everywhere

Uses Flat Indestructible Records

which can be handled without danger of being injured

The reproductions are

LOUD, CLEAR and BRILLIANT

7-inch Records 50 cents each; \$5 per doz.

10-inch Records \$1 each; \$10 per doz.

The GRAPHOPHONE and COLUMBIA RECORDS were awarded the GRAND PRIZE at the PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900

Columbia Phonograph Co.,

110 E. Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

which can be handled without danger of being injured

The reproductions are

LOUD, CLEAR and BRILLIANT

7-inch Records 50 cents each; \$5 per doz.

10-inch Records \$1 each; \$10 per doz.

The GRAPHOPHONE and COLUMBIA RECORDS were awarded the GRAND PRIZE at the PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900

Columbia Phonograph Co.,

110 E. Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

CLOCHETTE

HOW strange they are, these old memories which haunt us, and of which we are not able to rid ourselves!

This one is so old, so old, that I cannot comprehend why it has remained, living and tenacious, in my mind. Since that time I have met with so many things, sinister, affecting or terrible, that it surprises me to find that a single day cannot pass without the face of Mother Clochette re-appearing before my eyes, just as I knew her, so long ago, when I was only 10 or 12 years old.

She was an old seamstress, who came each week, on Tuesday, to mend the family linen. My parents inhabited one of those country dwellings called chateaux, which are simply old houses with peaked roofs, with four or five farms grouped around.

The village, a large one, almost a town, was visible some hundred feet distant, closely surrounding the church, an edifice of red brick, blackened by time.

Every Tuesday, then, Mother Clochette arrived, between half-past six and seven in the morning, and going up to the linen press, commenced her work.

She was a tall, thin woman, bearded, or rather hairy, for unexpected and surprising tufts of hair appeared all over her face.

She limped, not like ordinary cripples, but like a vessel at anchor. When she rested her large body, bony and bent, on her one good leg, she seemed as if about to take a leap, in order to ride a huge wave; then suddenly she would plunge, as if to disappear in an abyss, or to sink into the ground. Her gait gave the impression of tempest, as she seemed to swing and balance herself at the same time; and her head, always covered with an enormous white bonnet, the ribbons of which floated down her back, appeared to traverse the horizon from the north to south, and from south to north, with each movement that she made.

I adored Mother Clochette. As soon as I was out of bed I ascended to the linen press, where I found her installed with her sewing, a foot-warmer at her feet. When I appeared she insisted on my taking the foot-warmer and seating herself upon it, in order that I should not take cold in the chilly room, which was directly under the roof.

"That draws the blood from the throat," she would say. While she darned the linen with her long, crooked active fingers, she told me stories. Her eyes, behind her spectacles with their strangely magnifying glasses (for age had weakened her sight), appeared to me enormous, strangely deep, and double.

She had, as far as I can recall from the things which she told me, and by which my childish heart was moved, a magnanimous soul. She saw everything great and small. She related to me events of the town; the story of a cow which had escaped from the barn, and had been found one morning in front of Prosper Malet's mill, watching the turning of the wooden wings; or the story of a hen's egg discovered in the church turret, where no one could ever imagine what creature had come to lay it there; or the account of the dog of Jean-Jean Pilas, that had recovered at ten leagues' distance from the village his master's trousers, which had been stolen by a passer by as they were drying before the door, after a shower. She related these simple events in such a manner that they assumed, in my mind, the proportions of never-to-be-forgotten dramas, of grand and mysterious poems; and the ingenious tales invented by poets and narrated to me, in the evening, by my mother, had not that savor, that fullness, that power, which the recitals of the peasant possessed.

One Tuesday, after having passed the entire morning in listening to Mother Clochette, I went, with a servant, to gather nuts in the Ballet woods, back of the Noirepe farm. On my return I went up to rejoin the old woman. I recall all this as distinctly as the events of yesterday.

On opening the door of the linen room, I perceived the old seamstress lying on the floor beside her chair, her face on the ground, her arms extended, still holding her needle in one hand, and in the other one of my shirts. One of her legs (the longer one, doubtless), in a blue stocking, was stretched under her chair; and her spectacles were glistening at the end of the room, having rolled from her.

I rushed out, giving sharp cries of distress. The family came to my call, and after some moments I learned that Mother Clochette was dead. I cannot describe the deep emotion, poignant and terrible, which contracted my childish heart. I descended softly to the drawing-room, hiding myself in a dark corner in the depths of an immense antique sofa, where I knelt, weeping. I must have remained there a long time, for darkness came on.

After awhile a lamp was brought in, but I was not discovered, and I could hear my father and mother talking with the physician, whose voice I recognized.

He had been sent for immediately, and was now explaining the causes of the attack, of which explanation I comprehended nothing at the time. Then he seated himself and accepted

a glass of cordial and a biscuit. He continued talking; and what he then said was graven upon my soul, and will remain there until my death! I believe that I can reproduce almost exactly the very terms of which he made use.

Ah (said he), poor woman! She was my first patient. She broke her leg the very day of my arrival in this place, and I had not even time to wash my hands, on descending from the stage coach, when I was sent for in all haste for the case was a grave one.

She was 17 years old, and was a beautiful girl, very beautiful! Would one believe it? As to her history, I have never told it; and no one but myself and one other, who is no longer in the country, has ever known it. Now that she is dead I can be less discreet.

At that time a young assistant in structure, with a pretty face and a fine figure, and military bearing, came and installed himself in the town. All the girls ran after him, but he pretended to treat them with disdain, being, besides, much afraid of the master of the school, his superior, Father Grabu, who was not always in the best of tempers.

Father Grabu employed at that time as seamstress the beautiful Hortense (who has just died in your house), and who was later, after her accident, baptized Clochette.

The assistant teacher distinguished with his notice the beautiful young girl, who was doubtless flattered at being chosen by this invincible conqueror; at all events, she granted him a meeting in the granary of the school, at nightfall, after a day of sewing. She made a pretense of returning home, but instead of descending the staircase and leaving the Grabu house, she mounted the stairs and hid herself in the hay, to await her lover. He soon joined her, and was commencing to make love to her, when the door of the loft opened, and the master of the school made his appearance, saying:

"What are you doing up here, Sigisbert?" Fearing that all would be found out, the infatuated young tutor answered stupidly: "I came up to rest a little on the hay, M. Grabu." The granary was very long, very wide and absolutely black. Sigisbert pushed the frightened young girl toward the end of the room, commanding: "Go down, hide yourself! I shall lose my place! Escape! Hide!"

The master, hearing whispering, continued: "You are not alone here?"

"Oh, yes, M. Grabu!" "You are not, since you are talking?" "I swear to you that I am, M. Grabu."

"I will find out about that!" replied the old man; and, locking the door, he went down for a candle.

Then the young man, a coward as you will see, lost his head, and becoming suddenly furious, it appears, repeated: "Hide, so that he shall not find you! You will deprive me of bread for the rest of my life. You will ruin my career! Hide!"

The key was heard turning in the lock. Hortense ran to the little window which looked out on the street, suddenly opened it, then, in a low and resolute voice: "You will come and pick me up when he is gone," she said, and she leaped out.

Father Grabu found no one, and, greatly surprised, descended again. A quarter of an hour later M. Sigisbert came to me, and related his adventure. The young girl remained lying at the foot of the wall, unable to rise, having fallen from the second story. I went with him to her. It was raining in torrents, and I carried to my house the unfortunate maiden, whose right leg was broken in three places, the bones having pierced through the flesh. She made no complaint, and only said, with admirable resignation: "I am punished, well punished!"

I sent for help, and for the relatives of the young workwoman, and to these I related a fable of a runaway team which had thrown her down and crippled her before my door. They believed me and the police sought in vain for a month the author of the accident.

That was the end! I tell you that this woman was a heroine as truly as those who accomplish the finest heroic deeds.

That was her only love affair. She died unmarried. She was as a martyr, a great soul sublime in her devotion. And if I did not deeply admire her I should not have told you this story, which I have never related to anyone during her life. You will understand why.

The physician was silent. Mamma was weeping. Papa uttered a few words which I did not understand; then they went away.

I remained on my knees on the sofa, sobbing, hearing strange sounds of heavy steps on the staircase. They were carrying away the body of Clochette.—Translated by Marcia Olyphant from the French of Guy de Maupassant. Reprinted from Orange Judd Farmer.

It is not generally known that on ascending the throne King Edward became guardian of his grandchildren, the parents' rights being superseded. This arrangement was established by law nearly 200 years ago, and the right was frequently exercised by the Georges, who had a way of quarrelling with their sons. No member of the royal family may marry without the king's consent; otherwise the marriage is void. The act governing this matter was passed at the instigation of George III, in consequence of his brothers marrying subjects.

Poverty isn't so bad, after all; it renders the doctor's visits few and far between.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



"WATCH ME HIT THAT DOG." WHERE IS IT?

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Some Interesting Historical Facts by Gen. Darling on Fort Stanwix and Old Glory.

Gen. Charles W. Darling, corresponding secretary of the Oneida Historical society, gives herewith some interesting facts regarding the stars and stripes, says the Utica Press.

It is well known to all students of history that on the 14th day of June, 1777, congress resolved that the flag of the 13 United States should be 13 stripes, of red and white alternately, and that the union should be 13 stars of white on a blue field, to represent a new constellation. When Betsy Ross made the first flag by order of Gen. Washington, she formed the stars with five points, after the French style, and did not adopt the style of the English which gave six points to the star. This first flag was made in Philadelphia some time between May 23 and June 7, 1777, and the stars were placed in a circular form. The resolution of congress adopting the design of the flag was officially promulgated September 3, 1777. The stars and stripes, however, had been raised prior to this time, for the flag was first unfurled to the breeze in battle at Fort Stanwix, the site of the present city of Rome, in what is now Oneida county. In July, 1777, during the operations of Gen. Burgoyne against the American posts in the northern departments, 600 British soldiers and 900 Indians were sent to attack Fort Stanwix, which mounted six guns. The garrison consisted of the Third New York Infantry, under Col. Peter Gansevoort, numbering about 500 men. As the English troops and the Indians approached, commanded by St. Leger, Lieut. Col. Marinus Willet undertook to provide a flag, the post at that time being without one. The red stripes of the flag were therefore cut from the petticoat of a soldier's wife, the white stripes and stars came from ammunition bags, and the blue field from the military cloak of Col. Swartwout. The flag made of this improvised material was run up on the flagstaff at sunrise August 6, 1777, amid the cheers of the brave American soldiers.

When Vermont (1791) and Kentucky (1792) were admitted as states two new stars were added and the number of stripes was increased to 15, arranged in three rows of five each. When Tennessee (1796), Ohio (1802), Louisiana (1812), Indiana (1816) and Mississippi (1817) were admitted to the union, congress resolved that the number of stripes should be reduced to 13 and a star should be added for each state as it came in.

This glorious banner of the free, baptized in blood at its birth, is now the symbol of liberty regulated by law. It has never yet been lowered before a foreign foe, and out of the greatest civil war recorded in history it came without a star missing from the field whose hue was born in Heaven's own blue.

Eligible.

A lady who spends her leisure time in organizing anti-cigarette leagues was recently speaking to an audience of boys over on the east side. After her lecture she talked with the lads informally. One little chap piped up: "Missus, kin I belong?"

"Aw, close up!" interrupted an older boy, "you're too small to belong, ain't he, missus?"

"Well, missus," insisted the urchin, "I smoke."—Detroit Free Press.

Kindred Wonders.

Fudge—I tell you medical science is developing into a wonderful thing these days. They seem really able to accomplish the impossible.

Judge—What's the latest?

"I just read that they have operated on Willie Sappe for brain fever."

"This is even more wonderful. They have just operated on a poor man for appendicitis."—Baltimore Herald.

An Indispensable Functionary. Friend—But if you must reduce your expenses, why don't you discharge your private secretary?

His Lordship—What! And meet all those creditors personally? I should say certainly not!—London Tit-Bits.

Men Who Never Make Mistakes. That man who says he never makes a mistake probably don't know one when he sees it. — Chicago Daily News.

THE STOLEN PARROT.

Julia Stole a March on Julius and Suggested Pineapple Ice Cream as the Penalty.

Women are generally supposed to be the excitable portion of the human race; but now and then the tendency is strangely manifested by some hitherto equable and dignified man, says the Detroit Free Press.

"My wife has a pet parrot," remarked a lawyer, "and as our only son is grown, she lavishes a great deal of time and attention on that bird. It is a very clever bird, I must confess; many of its antics and remarks are really too human to be jested about. The other day I went home a little earlier than usual. The house was all quiet; my wife was evidently away. Not hearing Polly's everlasting chatter, I went out on the side porch to see if she was asleep. There sat the bottom of her big cage, but no cage and no Polly. My instant decision was, of course, that Polly had been stolen, and I must do something about it right away; my wife would feel terribly if Polly was gone for good."

"My son's drug store is not far from our home, so I rushed—yes, I rushed, I admit it, for I was genuinely excited—I rushed around and told my son. He became excited, too, for he knows how his mother cherishes that parrot, and he said we must see the police at once. So we called up the police station, and in about 15 minutes we had two policemen and a number of neighbors and innocent bystanders who felt called upon to come in, walking around in our back yard and examining the porch, the back gate and so on."

All at once my wife appeared on the scene. She had been down town, and had her arms full of bundles. "Goodness me!" she exclaimed, sinking into a porch chair, "what is the matter? Have you had a fire?"

"No," I replied, as calmly as I could. "Don't get excited, Julia, but Polly has been stolen!" "My wife dropped all her bundles in a heap and burst into a sarcastic laugh. 'Don't get excited, Julia,' she repeated. 'Well, Julius, don't you get excited yourself. I locked Polly up in the pantry before I went out, so you can please pay off your policemen and treat me and the neighbors to pineapple ice cream.'"

WATER RIGHTS INVIOLE.

Springs and Wells in Palestine Are Under the Protection of Severe Laws.

As in New Mexico and Arizona, water is the most precious thing in Palestine, and the laws which protect springs and wells are very severe. Most of the wells are artificial. Rich men at very great expense have chiseled basins and reservoirs out of the rocks to receive the flow from springs, and in many places where no springs could be found they have drilled through the limestone a hundred feet, and sometimes twice that distance, to the artesian basin. None but very rich sheiks can afford such an expenditure; nevertheless, they have not only been the greatest benefactors of their fellow men, but those who have sunk wells and built fountains have erected monuments to their fame more enduring than palaces or temples or shafts of granite, writes William E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald, The Temple of Solomon has vanished forever, but the pools which he walled up with masonry and filled with water still remain. The wells that Abraham and Jacob drilled in the rock as acts of piety as well as power, are as immortal as their names, and will live forever, as long as men feel thirst.

According to a just custom of the country, water rights could never be forfeited. No man who owned a well might refuse his neighbor water for his family or his flocks, but the lord of the spring was inviolate; no creditor or enemy could take his water rights away from him. To injure or fill up a well was an unpardonable crime. When the Philistines threw earth and stones into the well of Abraham, they intended to challenge him to war of extermination. These customs and regulations remain today.

GREEN SALAD GATHERING.

Wild Plants of Which Those Who Are Initiated Make Toothsome Dishes.

The salad gatherer who goes countrywards just about this time and returns with a ruined pair of boots from contact with soft pervasive mud, with gloves spoiled from the same token, but bearing a bunch of watercress or other wild salad for which he would pay ten cents at the market, does not, unless he is mentally unbalanced, think he has saved any money by the transaction. But he does know that he has had a lot of fun, has cleared his mind of many cobwebs, and has made a good night's sleep inevitable. He tells of these achievements as he mixes the salad at dinner, and if he has the sort of audience he likes he knows that his words will send them salad hunting within the next 24 hours, says the Boston Transcript.

Of course the watercress as above referred to is only the head of a procession of wild things that take kindly to oil, pepper, salt and vinegar. There is sorrel, for instance, which needs but little vinegar, and that not sharp; it grows right under your feet the instant you get outside the city limits, and before, for that matter, and makes a salad unlike any other, but piquant and interesting when the young and tender leaves of it are used. The French know it and love it, and those of us who have taken a leaf from their books hunt for it whenever the weather is half respectable for being out of doors.

The salad gatherer who knows of values in wild things never comes home without a crisp head or two of dandelion, either as a main incident of his trip or as a side. Only the sort that is white, merging into green, as the leaves lengthen, takes his eye, for that is sure to be not too old and worldly for his use. He adds pepper with a careful hand in making a dandelion salad, even as in that prepared from watercress, and that which he uses is white.

Then the collector of wild salads can never resist cowslips, though they do grow in slippery places. Not all salad appreciators rank the cowslip as among the valuable finds, but now and then one whose ardor leads him to throw off tradition and make experiments for himself takes it home. He gives the various "docks" a try, too, usually to his own satisfaction, while cheery gladdens his eyes and makes his mouth to water as he gets his first glimpse of it, though it is getting scarce now.

But all is not security and peace for the disciple of wild and uncooked salads. For too many times he has in his household a cautious and conservative person, who regards his precious treasures as so many "greens" and will have them put into boiling water before they go to the table. However, if he is firm, this person does not treat the same specimen twice in the same way.

A little later, though, he can take home to this person some young and tender milkweedtops and tell her to do her best at boiling them; for then she will indeed have "greens" that too few know the delights of. A bit of their taste of asparagus to those who are not happy unless they are discovering resemblances. To the real lover of wild things, however, they will taste just themselves; that is, unapproachable.

SUNBURNED SKIN.

Beautiful Complexions Are Sometimes Permanently Ruined by Reckless Exposure.

A complexion expert, who is a physician as well, calls attention to the fact that the texture of the skin is injured when frequently subjected to sunburn. The weatherbeaten look of some young women who have spent the entire summer bareheaded and without parasols on the beaches or on the fields denotes an actual change in the skin layers that is very difficult to counteract, says an exchange. Beautiful complexions are too often permanently injured by this reckless exposure. In particular the reflection of the sun upon the glaring sand or water should be avoided, as this burns more quickly than anything else. If a veil is worn, one of a silk tissue is better than the lace veil with dots or uneven mesh. All authorities agree that a sunburnt face should be treated with oil or cream first, never with water, which acts as a mordant, setting the dye or sunburn. Wipe the face with some good toilet cream, touching the skin gently with soft old linen cloths, and afterwards apply a soothing powder. Use, however, as much as possible the preventive of light hats, parasols, and on the beach veils to save the skin. Yachtswomen on their sailing trips calmly ignore appearances and cover their faces, particularly the nose, thickly with a layer of chalk or magnesia, making an actual mask to protect the skin. Otherwise a girl with a delicate skin would have to choose between her cruise and her complexion.

Peaches on Ice.

Iced peaches appropriately begin a hot weather luncheon. The peaches are not to be frozen, but kept on the ice after they are halved, peeled, and sprinkled with sugar, until they are thoroughly chilled. A small spoonful of whipped cream may be served with them, if that combination is liked.—N. Y. Post.

Canning Gooseberries.

In canning gooseberries the fruit should be cooked in the cans, allowing them to boil about 20 minutes after the water reaches this temperature. Three-fourths of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit will be sufficient for ripe gooseberries. — L. L. World, New York.



PURIFY THE BLOOD

If you would have health and energy in hot weather you should see to it in the early Spring that your blood is pure and vital organs strong and active.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IS THE GREATEST BLOOD PURIFIER ON EARTH.

The efficacy of this remedy in purifying the blood and putting the system in order is without a parallel in the medical world. So thorough and far-reaching is it that it carries its great cleansing and regulating influence to every part of the body, casting out impurities that have resulted from Winter diet, purifying the bowels, strengthening the kidneys, liver and stomach, and preparing the entire body to resist the disease germs which come with warm weather. Those who use this great purifier during the Spring months will stand the heat better and be free from the debilitating ailments which invariably attack the body that is clogged up with impurities.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PRICE, \$1.00.



Brutus' Little Joke.

"Brutus," said Cassius, when Marc Antony had mobilized two or three corps of legions and got his eight-inch rapid-fire guns into play, "I have no longer any stomach for war."

"Well," replied Brutus, after his customary five minutes for thought, "having no more cassius belli, we might as well lay down our arms."

And it took Caesar another five minutes to figure out the deadly sentence that lay in the words of the noblest Roman of them all.—Portland Oregonian.

Sad Loss Indeed.

Representative Pearce, of Maryland, has a constituent who recently related to him a hard-luck story. "I've lost two horses and my wife," said the stricken man. "It was a good year of horses, too," he added.—Des Moines Leader.



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W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world. W. L. Douglas made and sold more men's Good-year Well Heeled Sewed Process shoes in the first six months of 1902 than any other manufacturer. \$10,000 can disprove this statement. W. L. DOUGLAS \$4 SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED. 1200 pairs, \$1.105,820 1st 6 months, \$2,040,000 1st 6 months, \$2,040,000 Best Imported and American leathers, Key Patent Calf, Emmet, Box Calf, Calf, Best Kid, Cord Goat, Ant. Kangaroo, Fast Color, Eyelets used. Caution! The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Shows by mail, Etc. orders, please, enclosing free. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

HORTICULTURE

THE MUSKMELON CROP.

Proper Grading and Packing Add Very Much to the Profit to be Derived from It.

To know just when to pick a muskmelon is a matter of judgment, acquired only by a practical acquaintance with melons. Each variety has its characteristic coloring when ripe. The stem end colors and softens first. This part furnishes the signal for picking. The melon must be picked before it has softened at this critical point. It is not less important to grade melons than peaches or apples, and no progressive fruit grower dreams of marketing these fruits without grading them. Grading



HANDY MELON BASKETS.

ing according to size is a distinct advantage, because it frequently happens that one consumer desires a small size while another prefers a larger grade. The work of grading and packing can be done best on a properly constructed grading table in the packing house or in a shaded corner of the field. The packing house is the best place, however.

In western New York there are three types of packages—12-pound baskets, bushel baskets and crates. The 12-pound basket usually holds 16 melons, the bushel basket and the crate hold from 30 to 45 melons each. A favorite size of the crate is 9 by 11 by 22 inches. Baskets are neat and easily handled, but are not suitable for shipping fruit to distant markets. For long-distance shipment the crate is undoubtedly the best package, economy of space and ease of handling considered. In western New York most of the product is shipped by canal boat. Netted 6-m packs nicely in 12-pound baskets, while the larger varieties, like Surprise, are more conveniently handled in bushel baskets. It is doubtful, however, if growers could afford to use this package if shipped by railway.—J. Craig, New York Station.

THE OSAGE ORANGE.

It Furnishes Excellent Timber for Posts, Railroad Ties and Purposes of Like Nature.

Osage orange is undoubtedly the very best timber for posts, wagon timber, railroad ties and for all purposes where the timber is exposed to the weather.

The sap of this remarkable timber is an oily caustic, which renders the wood impervious to liquids and gases and not readily affected by exposure to air, acids and alkalis. Osage orange grows rapidly in the low lands of the Missouri and Mississippi and their tributaries as far north as latitude 42 degrees, perhaps. It is in its glory in the latitude of St. Louis and farther south.

I had plants to grow 12 feet the first year, from seed and could not use the plants, they being too large to sell. In three years they make fine everlasting fence posts. In eight or ten years they make railroad ties. When one post gets large enough, cut it off and another tree will sprout from the stump and make a straight sprout of 20 to 25 feet high—so you have an everlasting patch of trees and everlasting wood in the trees.

Don't plant your patch on poor ground; you will be disappointed if you do.

There are many thousands of miles of railroads and new railroads are being built—they all need ties, no substitute will ever take their place. The islands in the Missouri river will grow fine posts. In 1874 Judge Miller, of Bluffton, and the writer were looking at a fine lot, which grew from where some one had let a short hedge on an island. I think we calculated that 2,000 good posts could be grown on an acre of island land in three years, and then continued indefinitely.—Julian Bagby, in Rural World.

It Pays to Keep Accounts.

Board's Dairyman has found that there are herds of dairy cows, owned by patrons of Wisconsin creameries, that with good care produce from \$1.50 to \$2.13 worth of milk for every dollar's worth of feed consumed. Other herds produce less than this; in a few cases \$1 worth of feed producing only 93 cents worth of milk. Either the care or the cow was not what it ought to be in these latter cases. We have an idea that the cow has much to do with it. Do you know what kind of a cow you keep?

CAUSES OF FAILURE.

Valuable Suggestions Which Fruit Growers Should Turn Over in Their Minds.

In a paper published in the proceedings of the Iowa Horticultural society, John Forster points out a few of the reasons for failure.

Disobeying laws which govern methods and principles, lack of judgment exercised at the right time and disappointment in our fellowmen all cause failure.

We are always seeing and hearing of failures, so it is small wonder that the horticulturist fails now and then. It may be that he neglects to prepare the ground properly, that the ground is too wet when the trees are set out and dries out hard, or that borers are allowed to injure or ruin trees. These things mean failure and yet failure does not mean that fruit growing could not be a success.

Strawberry is the first fruit of the season and requires a covering of straw. But if the covering is too heavy, the vines will be smothered; if not heavy enough they will be so tender when uncovered, that the bloom will be easily killed. The time of blooming can be controlled somewhat by the removing of the covering.

Sudden changes of atmosphere affect very seriously all berries and even the grape, apple, peach and pear.

The average fruit grower has a hatred for birds, whereas he should consider them a blessing. They may eat cherries and berries and bore holes in apples, but they also destroy innumerable slugs and cutworms. The stomach of one woodpecker was found to contain 3,000 ants. If you kill the birds, do away with fertilizer and leave unused the spray-pumps, you are preparing for poor, inferior fruit.

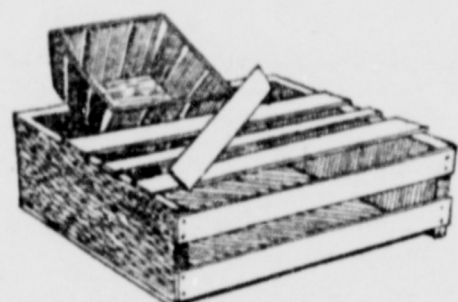
Great care must be taken in dealing with tree peddlers as many times an altogether different plant from the one ordered, is delivered.

Many people have failed again and again, until at last they have found their vocation, so a failure does not necessarily mean that one is thoroughly incapable. It is first necessary to find one's work and then completely master it.

PACKAGE FOR PLUMS.

The Best Thing of the Kind Now Before Fruit Growers Comes from California.

One of the best choice fruit packages seen in this market is that in which California plums are received. See cut, bottom upward, to show method of ventilation. It is 16x16x4 1/2 inches, inside measurement. The top consists of two pieces 7 1/2 inches wide and three-sixteenth inch thick, and the bottom and sides are slatted with one-quarter-inch material 1 1/2 inches wide, 4 on the bottom and 2



CALIFORNIA PLUM CARRIER.

on each side, leaving spaces 1 1/2 inches to 2 inches wide. Two strong cleats three-quarters by one-half inch hold the top firmly, and permit a circulation of air where the packages are piled up; and 40 1 1/2-inch wire nails fasten the package together. The fruit is packed in four baskets of the form shown. They are 6 1/2 inches square at the bottom, 8 at the top, and 4 inches deep, holding a trifle less than 3 quarts. They are made of 2 splints one-twentieth inch thick, ventilated at the corners and sides. A half-inch strip of tin pinched tightly around the top gives the basket a surprising firmness. Each basket weighs 1 1/2 ounces, and the whole package about 3 pounds.—Rural New Yorker.

TIMELY ORCHARD NOTES.

Do not let the budded trees be tied too long.

Early pears are best ripened off the tree.

Cut the blighted pear trees below the blighted part. Burn.

Not all peach trees that are yellow have the "yellowing" not by any means.

Thin the fruit rather than prop the branch. Take off all little ones, all wormy ones, all imperfect ones. This gives the best a chance.

Don't plant that young orchard close with the intention of cutting out each second tree when the branches commence to interfere, because this course demands a man of heroic temperament, and the chances are that you are not built that way. No insinuation as to your other kinds of courage, you know!—Farm Journal.

Death to Caterpillars.

Caterpillar nests or tents are yet allowed to disfigure many of our fruit trees. We who spray with Bordeaux mixture and arsenites have no trouble from leaf-eaters on apple and pear trees. A resident of Shippensburg, Pa., says he saturates a woolen cloth with black machine (lubricating) oil, fastens it to the end of a long pole and stirs it in and through every caterpillar's nest he can find, selecting for this job the early morning hours, when the caterpillars are at home. It makes short work of them. Wild cherry trees are their favorite breeding places, and should be cut out of all the fence rows.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

NOTES OF THE MODES.

Dainty Summer Blouses, Pongee Gowns and Light Costumes for the Late-Season.

Noticeable among the light silk and Liberty-satin gowns is the fact that the seven and nine-gored skirts are very much used, but so often disguised by fagot-stitching, vertical tucking, or insertion bands of lace, that the seams are almost invisible. The model with fagot-stitching carried down below the knee, the fullness left to flare, is very fashionable for both summer silks, voiles, batistes and silk-warp veilings, reports the New York Post.

Delicate transparent sailor-collars, yokes and vests are to be worn extensively this season. Some of the finest of them are very expensive, real laces and nets being used, or very fine all-over embroideries, with matching edgings, but these can be duplicated by a deft needlewoman, and beautiful fancy laces and insertions, by the piece or yard, are now sold at prices already greatly reduced from the rates when they were set forth late this spring. It is nothing at all to join insertions of lace and fine Swiss embroidery together, or, if better liked, two different kinds and patterns of lace. These can then be made into blouse-fronts, sleeve-puffs, or undersleeves; or square or pointed jacket or bodice collarettes with a frill of lace at the edge, slightly gathered, or made to lie perfectly flat, as desired.

One of the daintiest of the summer blouses is formed of almost transparent pink India silk, elaborately tucked, and trimmed with Flemish lace insertion. The neck is finished with a transparent collar of a wider band of the lace, threaded with black velvet bebe ribbon. Very pretty little blouses of black and white batiste have lace applique designs arranged on the bodice from shoulder to shoulder, front and back, giving the effect of a deep yoke, only somewhat irregular in outline, the edges of the lace designs having the still fashionable wavy in-and-out finish.

The pongee corsets rival the white net styles in favor for summer wear. The French corset of pongee is light, cool and graceful in outline. Silk corset-lacings should always be used, even on cotton or jean corsets. A cotton or linen lacing invariably shows beneath a closely-fitting summer waist, and round elastic lacings are worst of all, as they leave a distinct mark on the back of the bodice.

Main white nuns' veiling or pongee makes a charming summer gown over white taffeta, the gored skirt laid at intervals in fine vertical tucks down to the knee, a band of insertion encircling the skirt at the hem. A pretty way of making the waist is to arrange it in tucks below a yoke of handsome lace. A narrow girder belt of stitched white silk is sufficient, the sleeves tucked and flowing a little below the elbow, where they are finished with lace insertion and a chiffon ruffle.

The etamines, bareges and grenadines are out in all their attractive variety, from gauze-like surfaces as thin as India mull, to those with canvas woven meshes. Some have leafy designs of many shades of green covering the whole width, others have green, cream, tan, or darker grounds covered with blue or purplish red blossoms. A portion of the newest goods are woven to imitate tucking and hemstitching, others have French knots or silk or satin dots, but above all else, they are given tone and variety by narrow but solid colored stripes. Black velvet or satin stripes alternating with flowered chine silk stripes are on the thinnest and most expensive grenadines and etamines.

THE LIGHTNING CURE.

One Drawback Which is Likely to Make the Remedy Somewhat Unpopular.

A Rhode Island man claims to have been cured of rheumatism by a lightning stroke. This is an old idea revived. If the Rhode Island man gets up and asserts that a copyright is due him on the remedy, it will be quite justifiable to expose him. He might as well patent the idea that snow is good for frostbite, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The trouble with the lightning cure seems to be that it is difficult to make the electric jigger understand it is rheumatism that you want to be relieved from. Some lightning bolts are a little dense about these things, and they are quite capable of hitting you for lumbago, or cranial contusion, or enlarged palate, or even freckles, instead of going for the rheumatic twinges.

And sometimes the lightning gets a little hot—having burnt out a fuse or something—and its treatment is of a decidedly heroic character.

It struck a man in New Jersey the other day who had a lot of chills that he had carelessly picked up in the Hackensack meadows.

It struck right in the midst of the chills and it struck good and hard.

When it got through the chills were gone.

So was the man.

Raja's Sauce.
Strain one cup of lemon juice, add one-fourth teaspoon salt and cayenne to make quite hot. Simmer five minutes and when cold, strain, bottle and cork. Keep in a cool place.—Albany Argus.

New Automobile Record.
Blobs—Ripper has broken the automobile record.
Slobbs—What time did he make?
"Sixty-six minutes to run over 15 people."—Philadelphia Record.

"I SUFFERED TERRIBLY WITH FEMALE WEAKNESS;"

SAYS MRS. ESTHER M. MILNER.

"I Had the Headache Continually—Could Not Do My Work—Pe-ru-na Cured."

Mrs. Esther M. Milner, DeGraff, Ohio, writes:

"I was a terrible sufferer from female weakness and had the headache continually. I was not able to do my housework for my husband and myself. I wrote you and described my condition as near as possible. You recommended Peruna. I took four bottles and was completely cured. I think Peruna a wonderful medicine and have recommended it to my friends with best results."

—Mrs. E. M. Milner.

Miss Mamie Groth, Plattville, Wis., writes: "Accept a grateful girl's thanks for the wonderful help I have received through the use of Peruna. Although I looked well and strong I have for several years suffered with frequent backache and would for several days have splitting headaches. I did not wish to fill my system with poisonous drugs, and so when several of my friends advised me to take Peruna, I asked my physician what he thought of it. He recommended it and so I took it and am entirely without pain of any kind now."

—Miss Mamie Groth.

Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, has had over

One Great Difference—"What's the principal difference between the wise man and the fool? There's no one so wise that he isn't a fool some time, is there?" "No; but the wise man knows when he makes a fool of himself, and the fool doesn't."—Chicago Post.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Couldn't Help It.—"Did you ever take an oath?" asked the judge. "Wance only, y'ur honor," replied the witness. "Big Mike swore at me from the top of a winnitory building, an' I couldn't l'ave me team 't git at him—so I had 't takke it."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

An Exchange.—Mother (who has been out for the day): "Tommy, did you take that medicine that I told you to, when I was away?" Tommy—"No, ma. Willie Jones came in, and he liked it so, I exchanged it with him for a sour apple."—The King.

Stops the Cough and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

"Our chances for honor," said the large-waisted philosopher, "are greater as ancestors than as posterity."—Indianapolis News.

With the true artist money is a secondary consideration, but it is usually a very good second.—Pack.



DAINTY SUMMER GIRLS USE CUTICURA SOAP assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands, for irritations of the skin, heat rashes, tan, sunburn, bites and stings of insects, lameness and soreness incidental to outdoor sports, for sanative, antiseptic cleansing, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Much that all should know about the skin, scalp, and hair is told in the circular with CUTICURA SOAP.



DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHINA
(TEETHING POWDERS)
Costs Only 25 cents at Druggists.

I have found Dr. Moffett's TEETHINA a splendid remedy and aid for my teething children. When my oldest boy was a teething child, every succeeding day warned us that we would inevitably lose him. I happened upon TEETHINA, and began at once administering it to him, and his improvement was marked in 24 hours, and from that day on he recuperated. I have constantly kept it and used it since with my children, and have taken great pleasure in sounding its praises to all mothers of young children. I found it invaluable even after the teething period was passed.

—MRS. D. H. HARDY.

DON'T SUFFER
When You Can Buy a Bottle of
Mexican Mustang Liniment.
For MAN OR BEAST

BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

In a dainty little booklet, 25 out of some 3000 bright boys tell in their own way just how they have made a success of selling

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Pictures of the boys—letters telling how they built up a paying business outside of school hours. Interesting stories of real business tact.

We will furnish you with Ten Copies the first week Free of Charge, to be sold at Five Cents a Copy; you can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell the next week. If you want to try it, address

Boys' Department
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia



LIBBY'S NATURAL FLAVOR FOODS

Are U. S. Government inspected. Perfectly packed. CANEED FOODS, and come to you Fresh, Dainty and deliciously flavored. Put up in convenient sized serving cans. Ask your grocer, or if not in stock, he will order it at your request. Prepared only by **LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, CHICAGO**
The World's Greatest Caterers.
Our new edition of "HOW TO MAKE GOOD THINGS TO EAT" sent free for the asking.

WHEN YOU HAVE PAINS IN YOUR BACK OR ANY DISEASE OF THE KIDNEY OR BLADDER
DR. McGEER'S BACKACHE & KIDNEY CURE



IT WILL CURE YOU.
PRICE 50¢ & \$1.00
THE MAYFIELD MEDICINE MFG. CO.
ST. LOUIS.



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FULL COURSES IN Classics, Letters, Economics and History, Journalism, Art, Science, Pharmacy, Law, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture.
Thorough Preparatory and Commercial Courses.

Rooms Free to all students who have completed the studies required for admission into the Junior or Senior Year of any of the Collegiate Courses.

Rooms to Rent, moderate charge to students over seventeen preparing for Collegiate Courses.

A limited number of Candidates for the Ecclesiastical state will be received at special rates.

St. Edward's Hall, for boys under 15 years, is unique in the completeness of its equipment.

The 60th Year will open September 9, 1902.

Catalogues Free. Address

REV. A. MORRISSEY, C. S. C., President.

PAXTINE
TOILET ANTISEPTIC
FREE TO WOMEN.

We will mail Free Trial Treatment, with book of instructions, enough to convince you that Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic is unequalled for local treatment of woman's special life. Its cleansing and healing power as a douche is wonderful. Quickly purifies and breaths and cleanses teeth and mouth perfectly. Sold by druggists or sent postpaid, 50 cents large box. Satisfaction guaranteed or money cheerfully returned. Send 2 cents for postage and packing on large Trial Package—you won't be sorry.

The H. Paxton Co., Boston, Mass.

LANDS
The coming fall promises to show great activity in Southern FARM and Timber Lands. List what you have for sale with us at once. J. B. VALLEY LAND COMPANY
No. 39 Porter Building, MEMPHIS, TENN.

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RELIABLE SERVICES PROFFERED
A manual of useful information by Edgar T. Gaddis, L. L. M., containing a clear exposition of U. S. pension laws and subjects of interest to those who have served in the army or navy of the U. S., mailed free upon request. No fee until successful. Correspondence solicited. Edgar T. Gaddis, Attorney-at-Law, Washington D. C.

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ANAKESIS gives instant relief and PERMANENTLY CURES PILES. For free sample address "ANAKESIS," Tribune building, New York.

A. N. K.—P 1931

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Continued Story
of Current Events.

SALEM HAPPENINGS.

Messrs E. L. Lewis and Walter Baird, of the Albany Mining and Investment company, are in the city. These gentlemen will erect a modern mining plant at their celebrated Nancy Hanks mine. The latest mining machinery will be installed. It is located less than 500 yards from the big Evening Star concentrating mill.

Mr George Cook, of Colorado Springs, Col., is in town. Mr. Cook is a practical mining engineer, having spent nearly all his life in mines.

Dr. J. D. Threlkeld spent Sunday at Dawson.

Mr. Robt Montanus, of the Western Kentucky Mining company, is in the city. He contemplates boring for oil near town.

Arthur J. Morton spent Sunday in Marion.

Judge Tom Evans was in town Monday. He still claims Salem as his home and is always glad to be among his many friends here.

Mrs M. E. Croft will erect a handsome residence on her beautiful lot on the North side.

Capt. Haase has returned from Asheville N. C. much improved in health.

Mrs M. J. Hewlett of Kewanee, Ill., is visiting her husband, Col. Hewlett, at Strawberry Villa, this week.

Hayden L. Threlkeld will return to college this week.

Dr. Morris will be in Salem next week.

Constipated Bowls.

To have good health the body should be kept in a laxative condition, and the bowels moved at least once a day, so that all the poisonous wastes are expelled daily. Mr. G. L. Edwards, 142 N. Main street, Wichita, Kansas, writes: "I have used Herbine to regulate the liver and bowels for the past ten years, and found it a reliable remedy. 50 cents at H. K. Woods."

TILINE.

We had a fine rain here last Friday night.

Crops look promising here since the rain.

Charles and Clarence Brasher are at home visiting their father and mother, from Sixton, Mo.

The sick this week are John W. Smith, W. A. Doom, Mrs Frank Cruce, and a little child of W. T. Ward.

The tobacco crop is right promising since the rain.

Dr. Hayden of Salem reported five cases of smallpox in the Tucker Temple neighborhood yesterday.

F. M. Cruce erected a new house last Tuesday.

Bro. Larue called in his appointment to preach at Tiline Sunday on account of the smallpox scare.

There is but little fruit in this neighborhood.

There has been but little plowing done here for the fall crop of wheat, on account of the dry weather.

The river is very low at this time, and all the boats have quit running except the Bob Dudley.

Bud Ward is putting a fine lot of cross ties on the river at the Pinckneyville ferry.

W. A. Doom and Dr R. N. Miller are prospecting for zinc on James Cruce's farm. They say they have found some very flattering specimens of ore.

Agnes and Essie Cruce, of this place, visited their cousin, Mrs Hallie Woodall of Crayneville last week, who is very sick with consumption. Also Miss Ada Adams, who is on the sick list.

The general health of this community is good for this time of year.

Hot Weather Weakness.

If you feel fagged out, listless and lacking in energy, you are perhaps suffering from the debilitating effects of summer weather. These symptoms indicate that a tonic is needed that will create a healthy appetite, make digestion perfect, regulate the bowels and impart natural activity to the liver; this Herbine will do; it is a tonic, laxative and restorative. H. J. Freegard, Proprietor Grand View Hotel, Cheney, Kan. writes "I have used Herbine for the past 12 years and nothing on earth can beat it. It was recommended to me by Dr. Newton, of Newton, Kan." 50c at H. K. Woods.

DYCUSBURG.

Mrs Fannie Corn is visiting her daughter, Mrs T. E. Butler of Smithland.

John Smith of this vicinity is precariously ill at Dawson.

Geo W. Yancey was in Paducah last week.

Sanford, little son of Silas Manus, is ill of fever.

Mr and Mrs Tisdale, and Mr and Mrs Hill of this place attended the Baptist Association at Marion as delegates.

Mrs. Fannie Graves, widow of the late Geo Graves, who for the past two years has resided in St. Louis, will leave that city the 24th to again make her home in Dycusburg.

A pleasant party composed of Mrs. Sue Fox, Misses Mollie Jones, Percy Bennett, and Mr Jas Clark left for Princeton the 23d for an extended visit.

Miss Barbara Rutter, of Carrsville, is visiting the family of her uncle, Cam Coffield.

Mrs. J. H. Clifton is visiting in Marion.

Miss Clifflie Tisdale, of Iuka, is visiting her aunt, Mrs Steve Tisdale.

Mr Harry Martin and bride and Mr. Frank Charles and bride have set up to house keeping.

Dr. Phillips has removed to his handsome new cottage.

Mr. Chas Padon is recovering from a severe attack of fever. His father, Wm Padon, and his brother, Frank Padon, have been over from Livingston to visit him during his sickness.

School opens Sept. 1st.

Rev. Knowlin administered the rite of baptism by immersion to Mrs Rhoda Manus in the Cumberland river Sunday afternoon.

A large number of people attended services at Hebron Sunday.

Ers Parsons, of Pinckneyville, is visiting here.

W. B. Grove and little daughter Marguerite visited here Sunday.

Mr Jas Nelson and wife, of Hampton, are guests at the Coffield house.

You can get cash for old scrap iron at J. G. Gilberts blacksmith shop

His Sight Threatened.

"While picnicing last month my 11-year-old boy was poisoned by some weed or plant," says W H Dibble, of Sioux City, Ia. "He rubbed the poison off his hands into his eyes, and for awhile we were afraid he would lose his sight. Finally a neighbor recommended DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The first application helped him and in a few days he was as well as ever." For skin diseases cuts, burns, scalds, wounds, insect bites DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is sure cure. Relieves piles at once. Beware of counterfeits. At Haynes.

STARR.

Sunday school is on the wane. Tobacco is coming out since the good rain.

Born to the wife of Ed Paris, on the 17th, a fine boy.

Singing at the residence of J. A. Baker Sunday evening.

Charley Thomas, of Sheridan, was here Sunday visiting friends.

Mrs Mary Turley is very sick at this time.

Frank Turley of Illinois is among relatives in this community.

J. B. McNeely expects to make 200 gallons of molasses this fall.

Dozy Hill, the man that lost both of his hands, is kept busy buying stock, selling machinery, or some business of that kind. "Where there is a will there is a way."

Some of our farmers are plowing their wheat ground.

We are glad to state to our readers that Mrs Lizzie Woodall, of whom we spoke two weeks ago, is growing much better, and there is hope of her recovery.

J. C. Thompson has bought R. C. Thompson's interest in their farm, and R. C. has bought T. M. Thompson's farm. T. M. has purchased Rev. Oakley's farm near Tribune. Mr. Oakley will move to Marion.

Mrs. Ellen Crider, widow of Ed. Crider died last Wednesday and was buried at this place Thursday.

All Were Saved.

"For years I suffered untold misery from Bronchitis," writes J H Johnson, of Broughton, Ga., "that often I was unable to work. Then, when everything else failed I was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. My wife suffered intensely from Asthma until it cured her and all her experience goes to show it is the best croup medicine in the world; a trial will convince you it's unrivaled for Throat and Lung diseases. Guaranteed bottle 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at H K Woods."

Hermon Lee Ensign's story of "Lady Lee" in the Womans Home Companion for September tells the life history of a horse, and is one of the most charming animal stories that have lately been published.

Fayette Frayer, merchant of Cave in Rock, Ills. said: I have used Hill's Specific in my family for three or four years my children cry for it. Children all over the United States cry for Hill's Specific, as there is nothing that will give relief in so short order as Hill's Specific; price 25c; for sale by all patent medicine dealers in the county.

Senator Hanna says he has exhausted his powers to secure arbitration of the miners' strike, and has abandoned the effort.

Just Look at Her.

Whence came that sprightly step, faultless skin, rich easy complexion and smiling face. She looks good, feels good. Here's her secret: she uses Dr. King's New Life Pills. Result: all organs active, digestion good, no headaches, no chance for blues. Try them yourself; only 25c at Woods & Co's

Official statistics show 18,040 deaths from cholera in the Philippines since the plague started. The actual number is considered greatly in excess of these figures

Fine Farm for Sale.

Situated ten miles from Marion, three miles from Mattoon, on the Western and Shady Grove road. The farm contains 111 acres of fine land in excellent condition; 50 acres in cultivation, 30 acres in timber. Frame house of three rooms; good barns and outbuildings, good well, two fine springs, fruit trees; everything in good condition; will sell cheap. For further particulars call at PRESS office. 11w4

Administrator's Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of the late E. H. Porter, either by note or account, will please call upon me and settle at once, thereby saving both cost and trouble.

J. G. Rochester, Admr.

Apple Vinegar.

Twenty-five cents per gallon; delivered anywhere in town, in 5 gallon quantities at \$1. E. E. Thurman.

A Card of Thanks.

We desire to show our gratitude to the kind friends who were so faithful untiring in their efforts to administer to us in the sad loss of our dear little daughter May: and especially J. R. Threlkeld's family, who so cheerfully provided for the comfort of those who rendered service to us, while in their home. This Aug. 15, 1902.

Anthony Murphy and Wife.

A Necessary Precaution.

Don't neglect a cold; it is worse than unpleasant; it is dangerous. By using One Minute Cough Cure you can cure it at once. Allays inflammation, clears the head soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane; cures croup, cough, throat and lung troubles. Absolutely safe; acts immediately; children like it; at Haynes.

Southdown Sheep.

I have two fine thoroughbred registered Southdown bucks, and three thoroughbred Southdown buck lambs for sale.

A. Dean, Marion, Ky.

Notice.

To the officers of the election, year 1901, who have not returned seals and keys to ballot boxes, please do so at once and greatly oblige, yours truly,

C. E. Weldon, C. C.

Sullivan Coal

Gives satisfaction. We have the agency at Marion. Office and scales at planing mill. Will be glad to sell you.

Boston, Walker & Co.

An Interesting Paper.

In Evansville, Ind., there is published a semi-weekly newspaper that compares favorably with the best publications of the west. It is the Twice-a-Week Courier, and is published Tuesdays and Fridays. The subscription price is one dollar a year, or fifty cents for six months, and its list of Kentucky subscribers now reaches into the thousands. The Courier is strictly Democratic in politics, and besides carrying the full associated press service maintains a complete corps of correspondents throughout Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois. Its short story and miscellaneous matter are the best of the day. With the fall campaign about to open the Courier will begin to team with interesting news matter and should go into every household in this section. 3m

It's Your Liver! Your appetite is poor, your heart "flutters," you have headaches, tongue is coated, bad breath, bowels constipated, bad taste in the mouth? If not all of these symptoms, then some of them? It's your liver.

Herbine is a natural vegetable remedy, containing no mineral or narcotic poisons. It will correct any or all symptoms, make your health, appetite and spirits good. At druggists, 50 cents.

R. F. DORR,
Funeral Director & Embalmer
DEALER IN
Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes and Slippers. Fine Hearse for Funeral Occasions. Picture Frames of all kinds made to order. Also Picture Mats.

BOSTON & WALKER
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We carry a full line of COFFINS, CASKETS, BURIAL ROBES and SLIPPERS. Our Mr. Boston is a graduate of the National School of Embalming.
We have a hearse. All calls given prompt attention.

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Dentist,
Office over Marion Bank. MARION, KY

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It prevents formation of gas on the stomach, relieving all distress after eating. Dieting unnecessary. Pleasant to take. It can't help but do you good

Prepared only by E. C. De Witt & Co., Chicago. The 51c bottle contains 2 1/2 times the 20c size.

J. B. KEVIL,

LAWYER
and City Judge.

Regular term of City Court first Monday in each month.

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(Successor to J. H. Orme)
...DEALER IN...
Fine Wines Whiskies and...
Sole Agt for the Clbrat d I. W. Harper and Old Hickory Whiskies

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Connecting with through trains from St. Louis and Kansas City to

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keep constantly on hand rough lumber of all dimensions, and prepared to fill bills on short notice

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LEVITAS, KY

HARPER WHISKY



Famous at home for Generations past, Famous now all over the World.

FOR SALE BY WM. HARRIGAN.

I have a cottage house with four rooms and hall, in desirable location of the town for sale. Lot and good improvements.

J. W. Blue, Jr